

THE LIGUORIAN



*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St.
Alphonsus Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XXIX

FEBRUARY, 1941

No. 2

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FOLLY

A fool alone
Would touch this bread,
When angels fear
Nearby to tread.

A fool am I!
At His behest
I'll take this bread
Within my breast.

— *L. G. Miller.*

FATHER TIM CASEY

MISSAL VS. ROSARY

C. D. McENNIRY

"**W**OULD you kindly bless me rosary bades, your Reverence," said Uncle Dan, extracting the patched and worn chaplet from his trouser's pocket.

"But surely — have they never been blessed before?" Father Casey inquired.

"They have that same — manny's the time. I never med a mission but what one of the holy missionaries put all the exthry ordinary blessings of the mission on them."

"Then why are you asking me to bless them now?"

"'Tis that I caught them on the bed post and broke them into three or four bits, bed cess to me clumsiness. But I have tinkered with them till I got them put together, and now I am asking you to put the blessing back on them again."

"Uncle Dan, the blessing was never lost. A rosary, once blessed, remains blessed, no matter how often it is broken and mended, provided it is not totally destroyed. Repeating the blessing is unnecessary and produces no effect."

"Don't you think, Father," said Mary Rose, eying askance the rosary beads, big and black as rifle-bullets in the gnarled old hand, "doesn't it seem to you that the rosary is going somewhat out of fashion?"

"God help us if it is! 'Twould be an indication that our holy Catholic faith is going out of fashion."

"Oh, I do not mean that the people have stopped praying, but that now, instead of the rosary, they prefer prayers that are more liturgical, prayers that are more — more — what shall I say — more in harmony with this newly-awakened awareness of membership in the mystical body of Christ. I know myself that on certain occasions I feel quite out of place saying the rosary."

"Then, my child, I fear you will feel out of place in heaven among the multitude of the elect who saved and sanctified themselves saying the rosary."

But Mary Rose was not so easily silenced. "Take Mass, for instance,

Father," she insisted, "Formerly so many people used to say the rosary. Now they realize that they ought rather use a missal."

"At holy Mass the only one," Father Casey replied, "that is obliged to use a missal is the priest."

"It is an *obligation* for nobody except the priest; but it is the correct thing for everyone else."

"Yes, if it is correctly used. And in that case, rest assured, it will intensify rather than supplant devotion to the rosary. The Catholic who makes a correct use of the missal during morning Mass will be strongly impelled to recite the rosary once or oftener during the day in order to keep alive and active the intimate Christ-life awakened during the Holy Sacrifice."

"OFTEN I'm wonderin'," mused Uncle Dan, "whether 'tis making a correct use of the missal they ar-re when they brings it up to the foremost pew for to show off its grand Moroccy binding and its brave red-white-and-blue ribbons, begor. Or whether it is correct use to make it a sort of a game, seein' who can keep pace with the priest and guess which Dominus Wobiscum to say nex'."

"Mary Rose gave me a missal for my birthday," said Mrs. Monogue, "but I got so confused the first Sunday I tried to use it that I was worried I had not heard Mass at all."

And then Mike Monogue, Mary Rose's father, added his contribution. "I didn't feel safe," he said, "myself till my birthday had come and gone without a missal. The 'Key of Heaven' is more my size, and I like the print."

Mary Rose was desperate. That her pet enthusiasm should be once more attacked by the members of her own family, would not have bothered her greatly; she was used to that. But now the priest himself seemed to be in league with her opponents.

"But, Father," in her excitement she did not realize how high she had pitched her voice, "I have heard you — you, yourself — often — urging us to use the missal — and blaming us for saying the beads during Mass."

"True, Mary Rose, I have urged you to *learn* the missal and use it. And I intend to continue doing so with all my power. The understanding and correct use of the missal is one of the very best ways of taking your rightful part in the Mass. True likewise, I have blamed

you for rattling a pair of beads and dreaming away the precious moments of the Holy Sacrifice — or for gazing about at the gowns and bonnets of your neighbors while repeating parrot-like Hail Mary's and Holy Mary's."

"But everybody sufficiently educated to master it should try to learn to use the missal, shouldn't he?"

"Everybody without any exception should try to understand what it means to take part in the Mass. Too many Catholics are ignorant of the treasure they possess, unaware of the privilege that is theirs, and so they aspire to nothing higher than to be physically present and escape mortal sin. Everybody should know and realize that the Mass is the same sacrifice as the sacrifice of Calvary. He should unite with the priest, the visible offerer, in offering this sacrifice of infinite value to the Most Holy Trinity in adoration, thanksgiving, atonement and petition. The devout and intelligent use of the missal is one of the very best ways of doing this."

"While reciting the rosary surely is *not*," Mary Rose supplemented.

"An' that's true, me whole life has been a mistake, for I always says me bades during Holy Mass," said Uncle Dan.

"All depends," Father Casey explained, "on *how* the rosary is recited. Some give all their attention to the rosary in order to get it finished and off their hands for the day, almost forgetting they are at Mass at all. Some merely go through the motions of saying the rosary, attending neither to it nor to the Mass. Some devoutly and respectfully try to attend to both. And why shouldn't that be a good way of assisting at Mass for those that prefer it? Mass is the same sacrifice as the sacrifice of Calvary. You should assist at Mass with the same sentiments with which you would have assisted at Calvary. What would you have been doing there? Surely you would have kept close to Mary, speaking to her of Jesus, speaking through her to Jesus. You can do just that by reciting the rosary during Mass. Then too, you know that, in order to say the rosary well, you are not obliged to think of the words. You may, if you prefer, give all your attention to the contemplation of the mystery. Passing the beads through your fingers and repeating Hail Mary's the while will prevent nervousness or distracting thoughts from interfering with your contemplation — a sort of exterior spiritual accompaniment to the hymn of love and praise in your heart. Now since that is an approved way of reciting the

rosary, why can you not adopt it during Mass, giving all your attention to the contemplation of the Passion and Death of Christ, which is being commemorated on the altar, repeating Hail Mary's the while?"

"FATHER," Mrs. Monogue interrupted, "that brings up a question that has often bothered me. While I am saying the rosary I try to think of the mystery and to pay attention to the words I am saying at the same time. I find it so difficult to do both that I get mixed up and end by doing neither. What should I do?"

"Go to a secluded place where your eyes and your ears will not be constantly bringing all kinds of distractions. Take a respectful position. Make a strong act of faith in the fact that you are about to converse with God and the Blessed Mother, and a strong act of desire to do it well. Then begin. Try to think of both the words and the mystery at the same time, or of the words and not the mystery, or of the mystery and not the words, or of neither the words nor the mystery but of some other holy subject. Try to do that, and you will be saying the rosary well. With all your trying, you will probably spend most of the time planning the supper or wondering where on earth Emmet went to. No matter. As soon as you notice that you are distracted, call your mind back to God, and continue. That will be an excellent recitation of the rosary. God will see your good will and your honest effort. That is all He requires for a good prayer. For remember, a true prayer is not said to make you feel pious and satisfied with yourself, but to please God and to obtain His help."

"But, Father," Mary Rose objected, "to gain the Dominican indulgence you have to reflect on the mysteries."

"The prayer is the main thing. The indulgence is only secondary — a light sugar-coating which Mother Church puts on prayer to make her children take to it more readily. Do not become one of those indulgence fanatics who give all their attention to counting the mechanical operations prescribed for the indulgence and end by getting the benefit of neither the prayer nor the indulgence. Be eager, of course, to gain all the indulgences you can, but always remember that the prayer is more important than the indulgence."

"Is there not," Mrs. Monogue asked, "an indulgence which can be gained even without meditating on the mysteries?"

"Several of them," the priest replied. "Rest assured that every time you try to say the rosary attentively and devoutly you gain many

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rich indulgences, no matter what method you follow."

"When I say the rosary alone," Mary Rose told him, "I stop before each decade and think of the mystery for a moment or two, then I go on giving most of my attention to the words. Is that all right, Father?"

"That is a very practical and efficient method, Mary Rose. I advise you to continue it."

EMMET had seen signs of a visitor in the house and had come to investigate. Now he wanted to have his say: "I like the rosary, only it is so long — saying the same thing over and over. When we say a thing once, they hear us. That ought to be enough."

"If somebody dropped a T beam on your foot while you were watching the construction gang, Emmet, would you tell them once, then say, they heard me, that's enough? Or would you say: My foot! My foot! Take the beam off my foot! O-o-o-oh! my foot! and keep on shouting till they got busy? Well, the devil never stops dropping beams on your soul. If you care as much for your immortal soul as you do for your miserable foot, you will keep calling to Jesus and Mary for help, not once, but a thousand and a hundred thousand times."

"The Hail Mary seems just made for that — to be said over and over, like a child crying to its mother — especially the second half," said Mike Monogue.

"And you will notice that the first half gives the second half its power of appeal. 'Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women,' the words addressed to Mary by the angel when she conceived in her womb the Word made Flesh and thus became the Mother of God. 'Blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb,' the words addressed to her by Saint Elizabeth when for the first time she heard this mystery acknowledged by one of her fellow men and she responded with her glorious 'Magnificat.' These words recall two of the most blessed moments of her life. She can never tire of hearing them repeated. Even in the midst of the glories of heaven she stoops to listen every time she hears these words repeated by the humblest of her children here on earth. And just then we take advantage of her kindly dispositions towards us to make our appeal: 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death.' Such an appeal at such a moment God's Mother and ours cannot resist. If we fully realized its power, we should never stop repeating Hail Mary's," said Father Casey.

SAINT ON SKIS

There are saints for almost everything: saints who were doctors, who were lawyers, who were business men; saints who were married, who were single, who were religious and priests; saints who patronized trains, who rode on horseback, who traveled in automobiles. But who ever heard of a saint who was a ski addict? St. Elin was just that.

We do not know much about Elin, except that she was born in the twelfth century in Sweden of noble parents. However the account has come down to us of the manner in which she spent many a happy hour during the years of her adolescence.

"Both maids set out in haste, Elin leading the way. Sliding along the ledge they caught their balance, swung long graceful arms and legs and made swiftly for the line of their own trail over the half league slope. Snow crust hissed under their skis, and black firs fairly flew past them. Not till they neared the lake did one or the other slacken speed; nor did they stop to catch their breath before they made the last low hill."

Thus it would seem that to be ski-minded does not militate against being saint-minded. It is too bad that Elin is not living today; for undoubtedly she could show our modern skiers a few tricks about negotiating hard hills, and at the same time show them a few tricks about becoming saints.

Another point in her favor as the patron saint of skiers can be found in the fact that she was married—and at a very early age at that. A bishop making his rounds on skis certainly would not be so appealing a model to young folks as the graceful Elin. Married when she was seventeen or eighteen years old, she enjoyed ten years of wedded happiness; and then she had to undergo the sorrow of losing her husband, who fell in battle fighting against the invading Danes. The young and pretty widow had many suitors after that, but she declined a second marriage, preferring to devote her time and money to the education of her children and to the care of the poor and the oppressed. After her death her body was interred in the church she had built at Skövde, and it was due to the many miracles which took place at her tomb that she was added to the list of the saints by Pope Alexander III.

Let skiers take note! Here is a patron made to order for them. A prayer to her in a moment of danger may avert a bad accident. She is in heaven, but she still knows the joy "of making swiftly over a half league slope."

A VALENTINE PARTY

It ended up before the judge, wherein all and sundry were read a neat little lesson in the fundamentals by the accused.

E. F. MILLER

"NAME the charges, officer," said the judge.

"The young lady struck the young man on the head with a vase. I was called in by the mother to arrest the young lady."

"Did the mother actually see the assault?"

"Yes, she did, for the party was being held at her house."

"The party?"

"The Valentine Day party."

"Why did the girl strike him? She seems fragile enough, and he big and strong enough to protect himself."

"As I got it from this mother here, the party was progressing nicely when someone suggested that they play games. That's what started the trouble."

"But how could a game make a girl like this resort to vases?"

"Well, you see, it was a kissing game where the boys and girls line up or something and draw lots or something to see who will kiss who. The young lady says she didn't know what kind of a game it was until the young man tried to kiss her. She resisted; he insisted. Then she went into action. That's where I came in."

"Did the officer tell the story correctly, Mrs. . . . ?" asked the judge of the stately lady.

"Pugh . . . Mrs. Alfred Pugh is the name. Yes, he told it correctly."

"And you have nothing to add?"

"Only this, that the blow was struck without provocation; and I demanded that this vandal and assassin be locked up in jail."

"One moment, Mrs. Pugh," broke in the girl. "Did you say 'without provocation'?"

"I did say that, and I still say it. You struck my boy without giving him a chance to defend himself. And it was without provocation. Surely," she added sarcastically, "a pretty girl like you would not call a kiss 'provocation.' After all, what is a kiss?"

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"A question fairly put," said the judge. "On its answer may depend the settlement of this altercation. You first, Mrs. Pugh. What do you say a kiss is?"

"A kiss," said Mrs. Pugh, "is a salutation with the lips. It is that which young people must have in large draughts if they are to remain healthy and uninhibited."

"Is that why you allow kissing games in your home?"

"That is one reason. Another is that they want them."

"Very good, madam. Now, you, young man. What is your definition?"

"Everybody knows the answer to that one. It's as ma says. A kiss is what everybody wants. When you see a pretty girl like in the movies, you just want to kiss her, like they do in the movies. You just want to do it. That's all. Everybody knows that."

"Do you want to kiss every pretty girl you see?"

"Sure."

"Why don't you?"

"You fellows, for one thing. And another, the girl herself gets mean, like Nancy here."

"So Nancy is the girl's name. Perhaps she can help us out. Tell us your definition of a kiss, Nancy."

"You'll laugh if I do," said Nancy. "I admit, I did wrong in striking Junior on the head. Why don't you let me pay a fine and go home. I'll pay; never fear."

"We know you'll pay," said the judge. "But we want your ideas. Why any girl should become so rough on Valentine Day when hearts and cupids and all that sort of thing are in the air is a kind of mystery. What's wrong with a little kissing anyway?"

"Kissing is just as much out of place on that day for the wrong people as it is on any other day," she answered stubbornly.

"But why?"

"Because I look upon a kiss as a — well — a kind of symbol. There. Now you've got it. Laugh if you want to."

"A symbol? A symbol of what?"

"Why, of a girl's heart, of course. Every time she gives away a kiss she is giving away a little piece of her heart, with at least some of those beautiful things that make up a girl's heart — love, devotion, self-sacrifice. It's just as though she said, 'I can't cut out my real

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heart and give it to you because I'd die. But I can do this — I can give you that which stands for my heart.' I believe that when she does that, she dies to what is best and noblest in her just as she would if she actually took out her heart. For the ones to whom she gives that symbol have no intention of preserving it and making it more beautiful than it was before. Yes, she dies little by little. And that is why a girl feels cheapened after she permits herself to be kissed by anyone who comes along."

"Pure baloney," said Junior.

"Poppycock," snapped Mrs. Pugh.

"There is only one to whom I will give my whole heart," continued Nancy, "and that is the one that someday I may love completely. I am sure that he will guard it and preserve it always. For him I am saving it and keeping it fresh and full of all that I hope it holds. Otherwise, on the day I present it to him he may find it empty. That is the reason of my opposition to kissing. That is why I hit Junior."

"Anything to say, Mrs. Pugh?" asked the judge.

"She must be one of those Catholics," said Mrs. Pugh.

"And you, Junior?"

"I think she's nuts," said Junior.

"Case dismissed," said the judge.

Weather Prophets

A celebrated English almanac-maker of the 18th century named Partridge was once traveling on horseback through the English countryside. He arrived at an inn rather late in the evening, but was determined to push on further.

"You'd better stop here for the night," said the inn-boy, "because it's sure going to rain."

"Nonsense, my lad," said Partridge, "There are no signs of rain at all." And he proceeded on his way.

But he had not gone very far when it began to rain very hard indeed. Partridge turned his horse around and came back to the inn, drenched to the skin. As he entered, he saw the inn-boy.

"Look here, my lad," said Partridge, "I'll give you a crown if you'll tell me how you knew it was going to rain."

"Sure," said the boy. "Whenever we want to find out about the weather, we go to Partridge's almanac. This Partridge is a notorious liar, and when he says 'fair weather,' we know for certain that it is going to rain."

Three Minute Instruction

ON GAMBLING

Gambling is indulged in, usually, either by means of a game or a guessing contest or a lottery, in which two or more persons put out a sum of money on the condition that the one who wins the game, or guesses rightly, or holds the lucky number, is to receive in return more money than he contributed to the pool. Playing cards for money comes under the first type; guessing the outcome of a race or a contest, comes under the second; playing bingo, or baseball "jackpots," etc., comes under the third. In some forms of gambling there is a greater or lesser element of skill connected with the possibility of winning, as in playing cards, or prophesying the winner of a contest, but always the element of chance enters in. Inasmuch as campaigns against gambling are frequently waged, it is good to know if and when it is a sin.

1. In itself gambling is not a sin. It is a form of recreation and amusement, and if used reasonably, can contribute the necessary relaxation that is the purpose of all amusement.

2. Gambling can become a sin in one of four ways: 1) If a person gambles with someone else's money, or with money that is his own but that is needed for himself or his family. 2) If one person induces or morally forces another to gamble, against his better judgment. 3) If a person cheats at a gambling game, or deceives another as to the conditions of chance. 4) If there is no equality of risk and opportunity for gain for all who are involved. Gambling syndicates usually fail in this last way, because the conditions are so manipulated that they cannot lose, even if others are permitted to win a little now and then.

3. However, gambling can become a mania, and therefore those who find themselves overinclined to this form of recreation, so that once starting they cannot stop without squandering money they cannot afford to lose, are bound to abstain from it entirely. Moreover, the State has the authority to regulate or prohibit public gambling, not because it is sinful in itself, but because public opportunities for gambling offer too strong a temptation to those who cannot afford it, or who are too weak to resist the temptation.

Gambling at hospital or church benefit parties, usually has two elements that render it less liable to misuse than other forms: 1) because the individual's stake is usually relatively small, and 2) because it is surrendered as much in the form of a donation to a good cause as in the hope of winning a prize. Even here, however, the danger of encouraging people to gamble beyond their means, or of teaching them bad habits of gambling, must be recognized and guarded against.

EXAMEN FOR LAYMEN

The virtue of hope gives rise to an amazing number of questions of great importance to one's spiritual stature.

F. A. RYAN

THE virtue on which a thorough examination of conscience may be made each week in February is the virtue of hope. Without this virtue one not only falls into many sins, but one finds it very difficult to lead a cheerful, contented life and to bear the sorrows that are the inevitable lot of all mankind. Therefore the examination shall be not only a test of one's relationship to God, but also a study of whether or not one's attitude towards life is religiously right and psychologically sound.

Definition of Hope:

Hope is a theological virtue by which we confidently expect the help of God in attaining our eternal happiness, and anything we need as a means to that end. The virtue of hope demands therefore that we firmly believe that God will provide us with sufficient grace to avoid sin, with sufficient strength to fulfill the obligations imposed upon us, and with sufficient comfort to make every cross bearable, *if we do our part*. The virtue of hope therefore forbids two things and all that is connected with them, viz., presumption and despair.

Examination:

I. MORTAL SINS

1. Have I denied the necessity of God's help to attain my salvation, believing that I could win heaven by my own efforts alone?
2. Have I said or thought that God was too merciful to condemn anyone to hell, and that therefore despite my serious sins I would surely be saved?
3. Have I continued in a habit of mortal sin because I believed that some day I would certainly have the grace to repent and be forgiven?
4. Have I committed a mortal sin just because I expected God to forgive me in confession after I enjoyed the sin?
5. Have I said or thought that prayer was not necessary for one who made up his mind to be good?

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6. Have I neglected saying any prayer for God's help and grace for as long as a month at a time?

7. Have I refused to pray in a grave temptation because I did not want God to help me to overcome it?

8. Have I deliberately entered a serious and unnecessary occasion of sin, thinking that God would miraculously preserve me from sin or graciously forgive me if I fell?

9. Have I induced others to commit a sin by telling them that God would forgive them afterward?

10. Have I said that I did not believe in eternal hell?

11. Have I said or thought that it was impossible for me to overcome a certain passion or sinful habit?

12. Have I believed that because my sins in the past were so numerous or so terrible, I could not expect God to forgive me?

13. Have I quit going to Mass or praying because I said "It doesn't do any good?"

14. Have I seriously complained that God sent me more trials than it was possible for me to bear?

15. Have I stopped praying for the grace to avoid sin and save my soul because God did not grant me a certain material favor that I had prayed for?

16. Have I given up trying to overcome interior temptations because God would not take the temptations away?

17. Have I encouraged others to commit sins of impurity because "they could not stop committing them anyway?"

18. Have I used poverty as a reason for committing certain serious sins, because I did not believe that God could give me any material aid?

19. Have I scoffed at the joys of heaven, saying I would prefer to have heaven here on earth?

II. VENIAL SINS

1. Have I brooded over my past sins, giving in half-voluntarily to the fear that they might not be forgiven?

2. Have I permitted discouragement to take possession of my heart because of my frequent faults or my lack of progress in virtue?

3. Have I permitted myself to worry excessively over material set-backs and difficulties, as if God did not know them and could not help me?

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4. Have I been morose, melancholy, gloomy, in the presence of others, thus making them uncomfortable and unhappy?

5. Have I been over-anxious in regard to my health, over-fearful lest some terrible disease might be contracted?

6. Have I complained against God for not preventing the sins of others, which injured me in some way?

7. Have I deliberately neglected easy opportunities for prayer and devotion, which would have made me stronger in virtue?

8. Have I neglected prayer entirely for days at a time?

9. Have I given in to unreasonable fear of death and of God's judgment?

10. Have I said that I was content to avoid hell, but would not try to avoid or shorten my Purgatory?

11. Have I been slothful about trying to acquire the habit of praying in serious temptation?

12. Have I neglected practicing any devotion to the Mother of God, though saints and theologians tell us her help is morally necessary for all?

13. Have I neglected receiving the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion only because I could not feel any profit from them?

14. Have I given up prayer when prayer seemed difficult and uninviting?

15. Have I become so preoccupied working for money or a reputation, or my family, that I did not give myself time to pray or think of doing anything for heaven?

III. HELPS AND COUNSELS

1. Have I prayed for the grace of stronger and firmer hope of the happiness of heaven?

2. Have I read or meditated about the happiness that God has in store for those who are faithful to Him?

3. Have I tried to increase my hope of heaven by thinking now and then of the pains of hell, and determining to escape them?

4. Have I strengthened my hope of God's help by gazing at or thinking of the crucifix, which reminds us that since Christ died for us, there is nothing we need that He will refuse us?

5. Have I prayed every morning and evening and during the day, knowing that every prayer would be heard and would make easier my salvation?

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6. Have I received Holy Communion frequently, which is called the pledge of immortality?

7. Have I willingly accepted sorrows and trials as reminders that we must suffer on earth to earn heaven?

8. Have I practiced daily devotion to the Mother of God, with child-like confidence that she would help me?

9. Have I trusted in God's grace, and at the same time determined to work for my salvation as if it depended on my efforts alone?

10. After a fault, have I joined an act of sorrow to an act of hope that God would give me the grace not to fall again?

Anticlimax

The words of the great are carefully cherished and remembered by those to whom they are spoken, even though sometimes there is nothing in them to merit such reverence. Robert Underwood Johnson, American writer and diplomat, relates that throughout his youth he and his brothers and sisters were aroused to the highest pitch of curiosity by vague references to an encounter between their grandmother and Henry Clay. Finally, after many years of wondering what it could have been about, they were told, rather breathlessly, by the grandmother herself.

Mr. Clay had met Mrs. Underwood at the end of a sermon in the local church.

"I understand," he said, "that you are the mother of seven children."

The good lady admitted to having five or six.

"I want to impress upon you," he continued, "that when a child has washed its face, it is most important that, in order to strengthen the sight, the eyes should be wiped towards the nose."

Apparitions

Quaint were the precautions taken by the attendants of the sick during the plague in Paris in the seventeenth century. Each of them wore a "shirt soaked in juices and oils, and saturated with seven different powders; over this a great coat of leather to prevent entrance of contaminated air. Cloves of garlic were held in the mouth, sponges were placed in the nostrils, and goggles worn over the eyes." Perhaps some of the sick died from the shock of seeing such an apparition rather than from the plague.

THE INSINCERITY OF MR. McBULLION

The doughty Dr. McGonigle tangles with Mr. McBullion in testing his latest invention. The result is a near riot that you will enjoy witnessing.

L. G. MILLER

I WAS sitting in my room on the second floor of Mrs. Schwarzkopf's boarding establishment talking to a friend of mine named Joe Greer when who should walk in but Doctor McGonigle.

It was not often that the doctor honored me with a visit, and I could tell at a glance that he was about to vouchsafe me some weighty piece of information. So intent indeed was he upon what he had to say that he took no notice at all of my friend Joe Greer, who was sitting on my trunk in the corner of the room with his feet ensconced upon my washstand.

"Leo, my boy," the doctor burst out, "I have made a most extraordinary discovery. I have discovered the physiological quantum corresponding to the relative weakness of velleity."

I did not of course grasp the doctor's meaning, but his outburst occasioned me no surprise. My friend Joe Greer, on the other hand, had never met Dr. McGonigle, and though he is a man who, if I may be allowed a colloquialism, knows which end is up, he now showed that he was startled by letting his feet drop to the floor with a crash. I saw that it was time for a mutual introduction.

"Dr. McGonigle," I said, "this is my friend Joe Greer, publicity agent for the Maxwell Lodge Coffee Company. Joe, this is Dr. Lucius P. McGonigle, of whose exploits in science you have doubtless heard me speak."

"H'ya, Doc," said Joe, who was quick to adapt himself to any situation.

"How do you do, Mr. Greer," said the Doctor. "Please pardon me for not noticing your presence in the room. I have an unfortunate tendency to preoccupation which sometimes proves embarrassing."

"Cripes, don't mention it," said Joe. "I ain't one to take offense."

"You don't have to worry about Joe," I said to the Doctor. "Joe is my best friend, and you can talk to him just as you would to me."

"Well, that's fine," returned Dr. McGonigle, rubbing his hands, "that's fine. Because I'm going to need both of you in order to give my new invention a testing."

"Oh, yes, your new invention. Could you describe it to us in more simple terms?"

"Of course, of course. I keep forgetting that you are not an initiate of science, and hence you are necessarily unacquainted with scientific terminology. Well, after experimenting for a long time, I have finally discovered that when a man makes a resolution to do something, there is a definite physical reaction set up in his nerve system which, if it can be measured, will provide us with an index to the intensity and sincerity of his will in making the resolution."

"And you have discovered how to measure these reactions?" I asked, with untold admiration in my voice.

"I have discovered how to measure them," returned the doctor, in a tone of quiet confidence. "I have tested my appliance on the housemaid, three neighbors, and the corner grocer, and in every case it has given proof of its correctness. My problem now is to get it before the public."

AS ALWAYS, I felt a thrill of joy at Dr. McGonigle's confidence in me. I started to speak, but Joe Greer was before me. He was sitting bolt upright, and there was a look on his face such as comes only to a publicity agent who has hit upon the world's greatest publicity scheme.

"Let me get this straight," said Joe. "You say you've got a gadget that will show whether a guy making a resolution is in there playing for keeps or not?"

"Precisely."

"And you're looking for a chance to put it before the public?"

"That is my fondest desire."

"Brother," said Joe Greer, solemnly, "you and me have been brought together by Providence."

"You mean," I broke in, "that you have an idea?"

Joe raised his hand. "All I ask is that you should listen," he said, "And keep your congrats until I'm finished."

The Doctor seated himself on my one and only chair, while I sat down on the bed. Joe Greer scratched a match on my wash basin and lit a cigar.

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"You know it's the boast of the Maxwell Lodge Coffee people that their stuff is a real nerve quieter, and can change a guy with a Grade A grouch into a guy that wouldn't even get mad if he was being strangled to death. That's a lot of squash, of course, but its our meal ticket. What I aim to do is get some big shot in the company to appear on our Sunday night N.B.C. program to put your gadget through its first official test."

Joe stopped and saw that we both looked puzzled.

"How," said the Doctor, "will you induce him to undergo the experiment?"

"How," returned Joe, "do you induce a duck to go to water? If the scheme promises to boost the sale of coffee, those guys will do anything short of murder to put it across. It's getting near New Year's, ain't it? Well, I'll have this big shot say that he took the resolution last year to drink nothing but Maxwell Lodge Coffee, and as a result not one single case of nerves or outburst of temper did he have during the year. Then we'll clap your gadget on his arm, or wherever you say, and he'll solemnly renew the resolution for 1941."

It seemed like a splendid idea to me, and I saw that the Doctor looked pleased too. There was no doubt about Joe Greer's being pleased with it.

"If that ain't a honey of an idea," he said, "I won't touch no liquor for a week." Which, for Joe, was saying a whole lot.

WELL, the next thing I knew Joe called me up one day and said an interview had been arranged with J. William McBullion, President of Maxwell Lodge Coffee, Inc. Mr. McBullion himself was willing to undergo the test. Would we present ourselves at such and such a time on such and such a day? We would and we did. At eleven o'clock on a gray and cheerless Tuesday we found ourselves seated in the anteroom of the great McBullion. Joe Greer was there, leaning easily against the wall. The Doctor sat calmly, absorbed in some scientific train of thought. As for myself, I felt a little uneasy. We had been sitting there about ten minutes, and three times during that period we had heard shouting in the inner office which could have emanated only from Mr. McBullion. So loud had this shouting been that we had been able to distinguish the words, which, I am sorry to say, were so coarse as to preclude reproduction in a respectable newspaper. Mr. McBullion evidently was subject to fits of temper.

Suddenly the door of the inner office opened, and a secretary emerged, her lips compressed and her eyes flashing with indignation. Without so much as a glance at us, she went into her office. Simultaneously the buzzer on the desk of the girl in the waiting room sounded raucously. The girl picked up her desk phone, and immediately the voice of Mr. McBullion made itself heard in every corner of the room.

"Send in this McGonigle bird."

In an instant we found ourselves in the presence of the great coffee tycoon. Mr. McBullion wasted no time in formalities.

"I've been thinking over your scheme," he shouted (shouting seemed to be his habitual mode of speech), "and we may be able to use it. Of course," he went on, craftily, "It's only a scheme. This scheme of yours —" clearing his throat — "how much do you think it's worth?"

There was a quiet dignity about the Doctor as he replied without any hesitation: "My scientific discoveries, sir, are dedicated to the Betterment of the Human Race. I seek no remunerative returns."

Mr. McBullion's jaw dropped. He could not have looked more startled if he had suddenly been confronted with a ghost. In all his 50-odd years it had never occurred to him that there might be someone in the world who could spurn money. For a moment I thought the shock would be too much for him, but by a heroic effort he recovered himself.

"Yes, yes, of course. Well then, you just leave the details in our hands. We'll attend to them. We'll see to everything. We'll —" Mr. McBullion applied a fat forefinger to the bell on his desk, and at the same time raised his voice in a shout which made the windows rattle. "Adams, where are you? What am I paying you for? Come here this second!" I give only the gist of Mr. McBullion's words. It is to be regretted that his utterance was interspersed with extremely offensive epithets. I heard the Doctor sigh as we quietly took our leave, and once more I had a vague feeling of uneasiness for the outcome of the experiment.

THE studio was packed with people when Dr. McGonigle and I arrived shortly before seven o'clock on the night of January fifth. In a satchel which I handled with great care was the precious apparatus. It consisted of an appliance not unlike that used by doctors

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in taking one's blood pressure, but it also had a cord attached through which an electric current could pass, and a disc like the face of an alarm clock on which the result of the experiment would be recorded.

We were ushered into a glass-enclosed room, and there we found waiting for us the President of Maxwell Lodge Coffee together with a group of radio celebrities hired by Maxwell Lodge to exhibit their talents every Sunday night for purposes of entertainment and the selling of more coffee. It was a great moment, and I found myself reflecting on the significance of the scene. What a boon to science to have its latest achievement thus given to the world! What a blessing to the many who would thereby be converted to nerve-quieting Maxwell-Lodge Coffee! What a source of well-earned extra dividends to the humanity-loving directors of the Corporation!

But the time had come for the program, and Joe Greer and I found ourselves ushered into a little room adjoining the broadcasting room. Through large windows we could see what the principals in the program were doing, while their voices came to us over a loud speaker.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience," began a golden-voiced announcer, after the usual preliminary remarks, "Maxwell Lodge Coffee takes great pleasure tonight in presenting as our guest a man who is little known to the world at large, but who has done much for the advancement of Science, just as Maxwell Lodge Coffee has done so much for the advancement of health, with its nerve-quieting smoothness. Dr. McGonigle, will you describe your invention for us?"

Dr. McGonigle did so, according to a carefully rehearsed plan.

"And now," said the announcer, "In a few moments radio listeners of the Maxwell Lodge program will be privileged to hear the first official testing of this new invention. But first let's listen to Jimmy Johnson and his Jitterbugs as they play the current song sensation: 'Love me today, Forget me tomorrow.'"

The crucial moment was drawing near, and I felt again a vague feeling of uneasiness as I saw Mr. McBullion step up to the microphone. Mr. McBullion's corpulency was encased in an evening suit, his face was red, and he was perspiring freely. Nervously he fluttered the script in his hand.

"We now present," the announcer was saying in dulcet tones, "the man responsible for the happiness enjoyed by drinkers of Maxwell Lodge Coffee, the genial president of Maxwell Lodge, Mr. J. William McBullion."

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Mr. McBullion bowed to his invisible audience and cleared his throat.

"I'm proud," he said, "to be the one to demonstrate Dr. McGonigle's resolution-tester, and doubly proud to be doing so in connection with Maxwell Lodge Coffee. I have been drinking it for years, and need I say that it has done wonders for my nerves? Tonight I intend to renew my resolution, and I ask all of you happy Maxwell Lodge drinkers to join with me in resolving to drink only Maxwell Lodge Coffee during 1941. I shall now submit to Dr. McGonigle's experiment, and it will show whether I am sincere in my resolution."

The orchestra played "God Bless America" softly, while Dr. McGonigle strapped the cord around Mr. McBullion's bared arm. Then, while everyone held his breath, he pushed the starting lever over to "full current."

The result was instantaneous.

"Ow!"

This cry of pain issued so loudly from the lips of Mr. McBullion that the loud speaker in our little compartment rattled and shook on the wall. Joe Greer and I leaped to our feet. The various persons in the broadcasting room were standing in horror-stricken poses. Dr. McGonigle was bending over his machine frantically trying to cut off the current, a thing which he seemed unable to do. Mr. McBullion stood straight and tense as if he were strapped to a board. It was evident that a considerable electric current was passing through his body, and even as we watched, another cry of anguish burst from his lips, even louder than before.

"Ow!" Having found his voice, he was determined not to lose it again. "Do something, you numbskulls. I'm being electrocuted. Turn it off. Cut the cord. Turn off the power." Mr. McBullion's voice arose in a gradual crescendo as he gave these commands, and he rounded them off with four or five expressions which must have made lady radio listeners all over the country turn pale and gasp.

Well, Dr. McGonigle finally was able to turn off the current, and meanwhile the man in the control room had cut the program off the air, but the damage was done. The nerves of millions of Maxwell Lodge fans had been set on edge, and it was doubtful if they would seek relief in Maxwell Lodge Coffee.

JOE GREER and I were not callous by nature, but I am sorry to say that we were so upset by what had occurred that we quietly left the studio in the midst of the confusion, and left the Doctor to his fate. Neither of us spoke as we walked down the street, and I was wondering to myself whether he would be sentenced to life imprisonment or merely twenty years when there was a footstep behind us, and who should be approaching but Dr. McGonigle himself.

He did not reproach us, and we were too ashamed to speak. After we had walked on in silence for a space, the Doctor said:

"You think, don't you, that something went wrong in the experiment?"

"Why, yes."

"Well, you're mistaken. The apparatus worked perfectly, and the studio electricians testified to that fact, so that Mr. McBullion was unable to carry out any of his dire threats."

"But why — what —" we stammered.

"I can only conclude with regret," the Doctor went on, calmly, "that there was so little sincerity in Mr. McBullion's resolution that the electrical reactions set up were so strong as to break their bounds and bring about the unfortunate result which we saw."

I could say nothing in the fulness of my heart, and neither could Joe.

"Alas for Science," said the Doctor with a sigh, "My invention is authentic, of that I am sure. But who will believe that such an outstanding man as Mr. McBullion could be so frightfully insincere? They will believe instead that I am a fake!"

It was an awful thought, and each of us brushed a furtive tear from his cheek as we walked on into the gathering gloom.

Health Worries

Here are the inquiries most often received by the conductors of "health departments" in the papers:

1. Adolescent — Girls: skin conditions.

Boys: physique.

2. Young men (25-29). What to do about falling hair.

3. Young women (25-29). How can I improve my figure?

4. Forty years and over: Romance, rejuvenation, and rheumatism.

— *The Crusader.*

THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN

L. F. HYLAND

For most permanent shut-ins, one of the greatest means of profit, comfort, pleasure and inspiration is reading. It can be made an even greater delight if the shut-in is directed to the kind of books that are particularly suited to his needs and his condition. Nothing can more quickly kill an invalid's love of reading than attempting to read books that are without appeal.

The shut-in's reading, if he is so fortunate as to be able to read, should not be confined to one kind only. Just as the body needs a varied diet of food, to which end nature makes different kinds of food appeal to the appetite at different times, so one's reading should be varied even in the course of one day.

A varied diet of reading for shut-ins should, we believe, include three types of books: the recreational, the instructive, and the spiritual. The first kind will provide food especially for the imagination; the second kind for the intellect; the third kind for the soul.

Recreational reading for shut-ins should, of course, follow the tastes of the individual. Yet we believe that all should avoid cheap, wishy-washy, sentimental novels and love stories, as well as the ultra-realistic and pessimistic books such as are most widely acclaimed today. The kind of books that make the hours slip by without unsettling the mind are the novels of Charles Dickens, with their optimistic outlook, their fascinating plots, their variety of characters and their subtle humor; the yarns of P. G. Wodehouse, with their cosmic hilarity and frequent inspirations to unashamed laughter; the detective stories of G. K. Chesterton, with their unusual but unerring analyses of human nature.

Instructive reading should not be too heavy nor demanding, nevertheless stimulating. The biographies of the saints (like those by Henri Gheon, Margaret Yeo, etc.), essays like those of Canon Sheehan, Agnes Repplier, and again, Chesterton; historical studies like those of Belloc.

Spiritual reading should be especially well-chosen. It should stimulate the heart to acts of love of God, of resignation, of atonement for sinners. The New Testament and the Following of Christ should be dipped into every day; one or the other of the many classic lives of Christ should be at hand; and meditative little books like Father LeBuffe's series "Our Changless Friend" should be used to nourish the soul.

Such a diet of reading would make the hours slip swiftly by, and would keep the mind and imagination and soul in active and creative well-being.

INTERPRETING THE BIBLE

Great confusion exists in the minds of many people as to just how many meanings may be taken out of the words of the Bible. Here the matter is sifted and explained by an authority.

E. A. MANGAN

SUPPOSE that every sentence one spoke or wrote, despite the fact that one tried in every way possible to limit the meaning of the sentence to its proper context and therefore to one and only one meaning, could have more than one meaning? Would that not be a peculiar state of affairs? What then would be the use of language or of literature? One could then say or write one thing and mean something altogether different and no one would ever know the meaning of what another said or wrote. All men therefore hold as a certainty that there can be only one precise literal meaning in each sentence spoken or written among men.

IS THE BIBLE DIFFERENT?

Now the Bible, every word of it, was written by men. It is therefore human literature. But the men who wrote the books of the Bible were inspired, that is, they were used as special instruments of God. It is therefore true that every word in the Bible was written by God.

It is altogether possible that God meant more by this language than the human author whom God was using understood by the same language. It is even possible that God meant more by His language in a certain passage than interpreters, the Catholic Church included, have ever taken out of the passage. Even when the Church in rare instances has defined as an article of faith the meaning of a certain passage she has never declared that such and such is all the meaning.

Some reason of this kind has led certain authorities all through the ages to hold as an opinion that there may be several different and distinct literal meanings in one passage of the Bible. This is not a common opinion but it is held by some men. Only the Church could decide this question for us. By defining the literal meaning of some passages she seems to settle the question because she says such and such is the meaning. She seems therefore to say that the passage cannot have a different meaning. However she never says this is all the meaning and so it is possible there is more meaning in the passage.

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For all practical purposes the question is not important. All efforts of all interpreters without exception and all formulated rules of interpretation prove that, practically speaking, a search is being made for the precise literal meaning of each and every single passage. Practically speaking then the Bible is like all other literature of man. It has one precise literal meaning in each passage and in many many cases we are certain of that precise meaning. In regard to its literal meaning then the Bible is not unique.

UNIQUE IN TYPICAL MEANING

However there is one case in which the Bible is absolutely unique. In some places a Bible passage most certainly has more than one meaning, equally important and intended by God. There are some passages in the Bible that have a literal meaning and a real meaning; in other words, a meaning is attached to the words and another meaning, different, but just as important, and just as equally intended by God, to the things described by the words.

God can if He wishes, express His meaning or message to us by things that actually happen in the course of history or by persons who actually exist just the same as He can by language either spoken or written. Now suppose God chooses to tell us something that will happen in the future. He chooses to do that, not by a spoken prophecy or a written prophecy; but by the persons actually existing or by the things they do.

Now afterwards somebody is chosen by God, to write an inspired book. In that book are written the things done by that person who actually existed, the things in his life by which God chose to reveal things or persons in the future. In such written passages we have two meanings. First the literal historical meaning, that is, what the person actually did, and the real meaning, that is, the person or event foreshadowed by the historical person or event.

As an example, supposing that God wished to tell the Jews that His Divine Son would one day ascend Mount Calvary with the wood of the Cross on His shoulders and instead of using language direct and precise foretelling the event, He wanted to use the actions of Isaac to express His meaning. Now some four hundred years after Isaac carried wood on his shoulders up the mountain where he was to be sacrificed by Abraham, Moses comes along, writes an inspired book, the book of Genesis, and incorporates this historical event. When written down

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it has two meanings. The words mean that Isaac actually did what Moses said he did. This is the literal meaning. But the passage is also a fore-telling of a future event in the life of the Saviour. The meaning of the things Isaac did besides their own historical happening, also mean or signify what happened in the life of Our Lord.

This is just a passage cited for a possible example. The Church has never definitely decided on this second meaning of this particular passage of Holy Scripture. She has never told us definitely that Isaac was used as a type or symbol of Jesus. But we are certain that in some places of Holy Scripture two meanings of this kind are present. In order to be certain we must learn from God Himself that He intended the two meanings in the one text of Holy Writ. We learn this from God in the same way we learn any other matter contained in Revelation. In some other place in the Scriptures it will be told us precisely that God intended these two meanings or we will be made certain of it by the unanimous interpretation of all authorities or by the clear teaching of the Church.

God and God only could have these two kinds of meanings in His writing. Because only God can surely know the future and only He can in His providence bring it about that what He has predicted either by word or by thing will come to pass.

APPARENT MEANINGS OF THE BIBLE

Only the precise literal meaning and the typical meaning can be called the meanings or significations of Scripture strictly speaking. All other meanings attached to any passage of the Bible are meanings more or less removed, or apparent meanings.

For instance, any conclusion which we draw from Holy Scripture by a process of argumentation may be called a conclusion or a consequence of something said in Holy Scripture, but it is disputed whether or not we may call this a meaning or a sense of Holy Scripture. Granted that God foresaw that such conclusions could be drawn and would be drawn from His written words, such a concession does not as yet prove that God wished to express those conclusions by His written language in its precise and restricted context.

Far more removed from the strict sense of Holy Scripture are other significations that are as it were read into the text by writers or preachers or lecturers. Holy Mother Church for instance uses many passages of Holy Writ in the Office and in the Mass of Our Blessed Mother. In

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searching for words with which to express her thoughts about the Blessed Virgin the Church finds none more beautiful than some of the exquisite passages of the Bible which were written about God Himself or about the God-man. The Church uses these passages to express herself in regard to the Mother of God but does not thereby say that her meaning is the meaning of Holy Scripture. She is merely taking the words of Holy Writ and applying them to some other meaning. This is often called the applied meaning of Scripture, but as we see it, it is not the meaning of Scripture except in an analagous sense, in other words only an apparent meaning.

Writers and preachers and lecturers when using Holy Scripture should be very careful in their choice of texts. There are beautiful texts scattered through the Bible which in their true and precise meaning may be used to prove and illustrate points of doctrine and morals. These should be used and explained.

But whenever a text is used to mean something different than the Scriptural meaning in its true context, this should be made clear, in other words, the writer or the preacher or the lecturer should make it clear that he is not giving an explanation of Scripture but is using Scripture to express his own meaning.

A Morning's Work

Lope de Vega, the great Spanish dramatist, was certainly one of the most voluminous writers the world has even seen. Some idea of the rapidity with which he wrote may be gained from the following account: de Vega and a fellow dramatist, Montalvan, were commissioned on very short notice to write a play. Montalvan, knowing de Vega's reputation for speed, was determined not to be outdone. He arose at two o'clock in the morning, therefore, and by eleven he had finished his half of the play. This in itself was no mean feat, considering that the play had to be done entirely in verse, and consisted of thirty or forty pages with a hundred lines on each page.

Having finished, Montalvan went in search of de Vega. He found him in the garden, and asked him how he had made out.

"Very well indeed," answered de Vega, calmly. "I arose at five, wrote the play, ate breakfast, wrote a letter in verse consisting of fifty triplets, and have just finished watering the whole of my garden. This, to tell the truth, has made me a little tired."

DIALOGUE

FIRST STEPS IN UNIONS

L. F. HYLAND

DADDY, what is a union? It says here that unions are blamed for — for — I can't read this, Daddy. What are they, and what are they blamed for?

Let me see that paper, son. . . . H'm. Oh, yes. It says unions are blamed for stalling defense industries. And you want me to explain that? Yes, Daddy.

Let's see now. How old are you?

I'm going to be ten pretty soon.

And do you think you, er-ah — are intellectually mature enough to grasp something that's argued back and forth by everybody who can talk?

I don't know what that means, Daddy. But I want to know what a union means.

All right. All right. Sit on my lap and let's get going.

I'm ready.

Well, son, a union is — is — an organization —. No. That won't do. We'll stick to two-cent words. A union is made when a lot of men who are working together make themselves into a kind of society. They get together and they elect officers, like a president and a vice-president and so-on. Then they have meetings. . . .

Is it like the Boy Scouts, Daddy? They have meetings and they elect somebody too.

Well, it is something like the Boy Scouts — that is, it is a lot of men who join together just like the Boy Scouts join together.

And do they have meetings to have fun together, like the Boy Scouts?

Well, not exactly. The men in a union do have good times together, if it is a good union. But that is not the first purpose they have.

What is the first purpose?

Their first purpose is to be able to go to the persons who run the business they are working for and to ask them to pay all their workers enough for them to live on.

But, Daddy, are there some men who don't pay people who work for them enough to live on?

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Yes, son, up to recently, there were quite a few who didn't. Of course, it wasn't always their fault.

Why wasn't it their fault?

Well, you see, for a long time nobody in business thought very much about how much they should pay people who worked for them. They just thought that if somebody was willing to work for, say, ten dollars a week, all they had to do was hire them for that much.

But ten dollars isn't very much for a whole week, is it, Daddy?

No, it's very little. But poor people who didn't have any money used to be glad to go to somebody who had a factory or a business and to offer to work for that much or less. Some still do.

What happens to such people, Daddy?

Well, they have to live in slums; and they often get sick because they don't get enough or the right kind of food; and if they have a family, their wives and children don't even have enough clothes to wear.

Didn't somebody try to change that?

That's where the unions come in.

Oh.

First of all, the Popes began telling the whole world that a worker should be paid enough so that he could get everything he and his family needed. Right away some good men who realized that the Pope was right began to pay more. But there were lots of them who didn't.

And what did the Pope do to them?

He couldn't do anything *to* them, but he did suggest that working-men start unions to make themselves able to demand more.

But how can the unions do that?

It's this way. If all the workers in a certain factory belong to a union, they can tell the man who owns it or runs it that they won't do any work for him unless he pays them enough money for them to live on.

I see, Daddy. Then if he refused, his factory would have to shut down and he wouldn't make any money at all.

That's right. But it doesn't always work out that simply.

Why not?

For two reasons. First because if not all the men who did the kind of work he needed didn't join the union, then he could just fire the

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ones who did join, and hire other men for whatever pay he wanted to give them.

Wasn't that foolish — I mean for the men who didn't get in the union?

Yes, it was and it is. But again it is not always their fault.

Why isn't it their fault?

Because of the second reason. You see, some men who run factories do everything they can think of to keep their workers from belonging to a union.

How can they stop them from doing that?

There are a lot of ways. One is by never letting a union get even a start. As soon as they find out (and some of them hire spies to find out) that one of their workmen is interested in starting or belonging to a union, they fire him. Then the rest of them get scared that they might lose their jobs if they got into a union. So they stay out.

But if having unions is the only way to make people that run factories pay enough for workmen to live on, it isn't right to stop them, is it?

No, it isn't. Even the government made a law that says it isn't right. But they do it anyway.

Can't the police put them in jail for that?

They could, no doubt, except for one thing. . . . But wait a minute. Don't you think we've gone far enough for one night? We're getting deeper and deeper and you'll get a headache if you don't watch out.

I haven't got a headache, Daddy. What's the one thing that keeps the police from putting people in jail if they don't let their workers have unions?

If you insist, here goes. The one thing is that the unions themselves don't always do what's right. And so these men who don't want unions always argue that the union is bad.

What bad things do unions do?

Sometimes they let bad men get in charge of them. These bad men try to make all the workers communists; or they make the men in the union pay them an awful lot for dues, and then they keep that money for themselves instead of using it to get enough pay for the workers. Or they try to force men who run factories to pay even more than they should or can pay to their workers.

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Do all unions do such bad things?

No, not all. In fact, only a small part of them. But that's enough to make the men who run the factories say that they are all bad. And they keep on saying it, in speeches, in newspapers, in books and magazines, until there are a lot of people who believe them.

But why doesn't somebody tell people which unions are good and which are bad?

Well, I'll tell you how it is. The people who are in unions don't have much money to spare. And it takes a lot of money to get articles in newspapers, or to talk over the radio, or to travel around making speeches. That's why the unions don't have much chance to tell all the people not to believe all the things that are said against them. And the men who don't like unions usually have lots of money to spend to make people believe that all unions are bad.

I wouldn't believe them, Daddy. I wouldn't want anybody not to have enough clothes or enough to eat. I would find out which unions were good and then I'd tell everybody to belong to them, because then they'd get enough to eat.

Good old Don Quixote.

What's that, Daddy?

Don Quixote was a man who fought a duel against a windmill with a sword. Kind of a tough duel to win, don't you think?

That's just silly.

Well, who started all this talk about unions, anyway?

I did, Daddy. I wanted you to tell me what this means here in the paper.

It says "unions blamed for stalling defense industries," doesn't it?

Yes. What does that mean?

It means that somebody says that now when the country needs ships and guns and airplanes, the unions are keeping the country from making them.

Good unions, Daddy?

It doesn't say.

Bad unions, Daddy?

It doesn't say.

Then that's one of those things some men say just to make people think all unions are bad, isn't it, Daddy?

That's right. It might even be that it was said just because a good

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union asked for enough pay for its members to live on. That it was said by somebody who is becoming a millionaire by making ships and guns and airplanes, who is afraid he might not become a millionaire fast enough if he gave more pay. Yet many people believe him right off when he says the unions are to blame if not enough guns and airplanes are made to defend the country.

I don't believe him, Daddy.

But you're only one, son. One little Don Quixote.

I don't care.

Good for you, son. We need lots and lots of Don Quixotes today.

Children of One Mother

Huysmans relates that in one of the great, medieval cathedrals of Europe, the Blessed Virgin Mary is represented in the windows, on the ceiling, and on the walls as the second saviour of the whole human race. She seems in the pictures to have come from all the ends of the earth, under the semblance of every race known in the Middle Ages: black as an African in one picture, tawny as a Mongolian in another, pale coffee color as a half-caste in a third, and finally white as a European, thus declaring that as mediator of the human race, she was everything to each, everything to all; and promising by the presence of her Son, whose features bear the character of each race, that the Messiah has come to redeem all men without distinction, and she has come to help Him.

Both the Lord and His Mother loved all races so much that they were willing even to assume the features and the characteristics of each one in particular.

We on the other hand who are brothers of Christ and sons of Mary (bearing *their* features and characteristics) act in this way:

Some of us dislike the negroes and refuse to admit them into our friendship.

Some of us hate the Germans and desire only to destroy them.

Some of us detest the Capitalists and cry out for their downfall.

Most of us harbor some hatred of some kind — against the Communists, the Fascists, a political party, a race, a neighbor.

It is a denial of our features; a refusal to accept our mother; an act of treachery to our brother who is God.

Such a crime cannot go unpunished. The trial has been held, and the sentence given. And the punishment is now being administered. That punishment is war, bloodshed and sorrow throughout the whole world.

MOMENTS AT MASS

The Canon: *Memento* of the Living

F. A. BRUNNER

After the short prayer for the Church and its members, the priest quietly recites the *Memento* of the living, a formula commending to God all those present at the sacrifice as well as all the living members of the congregation whose memory the priest and people hold dear:

"Remember, O Lord, thy servants and handmaids, N and N [*here the priest folds his hands and briefly prays for those intentions which have been given him and for those his own piety and charity suggest; then with outstretched hands he continues*], and all these bystanders here whose faithful belief has been proved by thee and whose service thou knowest; those for whom we offer or who themselves offer this sacrifice of praise for themselves and all their own, to obtain the redemption of their souls as well as their well-being and security; and who thus bring their gifts to thee, the eternal God, living and true."

Historical notes:

It was in former times the deacon's task to read out to the assembly, from tablets which were prepared before Mass, a list of those recommended to the prayers of the people—the so-called diptychs or *memento*-tablets. It is a likely hypothesis that the *Memento* of the living as in the canon today represents the formulary of the diptychs, perhaps in slightly modified shape. It is now recited not by a deacon but by the officiating priest, and it is interpolated between the prayer for the Church, *Te igitur*, and the catalog of saints, *Communicantes*; it is obviously out of place here, because the two prayers just mentioned are grammatically linked together.

Ascetical notes:

The uniquely personal tone of this prayer is worthy of remark. Not only are the universal wants of christendom seen to, but also our individual needs. No prayer for ourselves or for those we love is of greater avail than that which goes up to God through the mediation of his beloved Son. Here, in the canon of the Mass, prayer is offered by the priest not in a private capacity but in his role as representative of Jesus. When he prays for those present in the church and for their intentions, his prayer takes on an almost divine force.

Noteworthy, too, in the prayer is the word "bystanders"—a mute invitation to active participation in the worship. We cannot be mere witnesses; we are the actors!

REFLECTIONS ON AMERICAN WOMEN

"What you don't know, ask the experts," might be called the scientific formula of our day. Here the experts in a certain field yield up their wisdom. Women, take note.

E. F. MILLER

TO DESCRIBE the American woman adequately and with some semblance of correct appraisal is a task difficult and quite beyond the powers of a man unaided. Easier would it be to delineate the complexities of an angel, and far easier to capture in print the riotous clamorings of a distant storm. The most an ordinary man can say about the American woman is that she is the *species feminea* that came out of paradise a good many years ago, stands erect on two feet and talks with a tongue, but who uniquely wears dresses and long hair and does not have to shave. Some men of less talent and observation can say no more than that the American woman is merely a male rib on high heels who has multiplied so fast since her creation that she now constitutes one half of the human race.

Such descriptions, of course, are patently imperfect. They add little to what is already universally known and accepted by all who have eyes to see and reason to understand. Neither does it add completion to maintain the proved contention that the American woman has a soul, plus a heart and brain, though these two latter are physically smaller than the same organs within the being of her brothers. And a comprehensive picture is not given in the statement that she is an institution loved and hated, courted and avoided, deified and condemned; or that she is the statue of Liberty. There is more to her than even all this. And the more of it is what we propose to find in these reflections.

The only way in which we can speak with authority about so mysterious a matter is to speak with the tongues of those who know. And fortunately there are some who profess to know what is the complete composition of the American woman. These people are none others than the publishers of our weekly and monthly women's magazines. They have melted and amalgamated their learned findings so nicely in their lines of print, in their advertisements, and in their articles and stories that a man would have to be blind and impervious to im-

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pressions to emerge from their pages without a solid conception of the object that they paint so vividly. The circulation of these journals mounts up into the millions; therefore their analysis cannot be in error. And so we give as our source of information the great women's magazines of the country.

FIRST of all let us take a hurried glance at the advertisements. From them we at once learn the very significant fact that all American women are supremely and unceasingly happy. The pictures show them so, and the captions underneath prove the pictures. American women are always smiling, and are always vested with a quiet charm of contentment whether they be debutantes looking rich and smoking a popular cigarette, or housewives wearing well-cut aprons and scrubbing the bath tub. No longer are there wolves at doors or ghosts in closets; no longer are there women with hoes. Such sources of unrest have been removed by carpet sweepers, tomato juice and electric irons. And no further argument is needed to prove it than a glance at the restful faces of the pictured women gazing fondly on their mechanical fairies.

Sometimes, however, the slightest suggestion is given that in isolated cases there may be just the tiniest twinge of uneasiness. However, this does not destroy our proposition. The only time uneasiness can come is when a woman realizes that she has a run in a stocking or a pink tooth brush. And her twinge can be quickly changed into a glow of gladness by prompt resort to remedies that infallibly cure.

Now this point of universal happiness should not be taken too lightly. Through the misinformation of writers the world has been led to believe that not all women are actually happy; certainly that not all are happy all the time. Mr. Thomas Hood wrote a poem about one young woman who was so unhappy that she committed suicide; and gloomy novels are pouring daily from the presses on a veritable sea of feminine tears. We ourselves, we admit, were once of a mind with Mr. Hood and the novelists. But now we must change. We have learned that the authorities we followed were not in touch with reality, or were merely employing the poetic license in the interest of good literature. Henceforth we shall look upon their opinions only as literature. For reality we shall search out the advertisements.

The second characteristic of the American woman that we glean

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from the advertisements is that she is not only full of contentment no matter what her lot in life, but also that she is exceedingly beautiful no matter where or who she is. The statement simplified might be—all American women are beautiful. Standing over a hot stove in the work of preparing the evening meal, or lost in the unconsciousness of sleep, or pounding a typewriter in a busy office—these things do little to tarnish a freshness and a splendor that one might imagine should belong only to the few. No, the pictures tell us that beauty now belongs to all; and that even the woman in middle age, when properly corseted, creamed, curled, and combed can compete with the young lady of eighteen and pass for her younger sister in places where the light is not too good. We are glad to know this, for until now, though we were sure that all were striving for perfection, we were not aware that the gem had been universally found. Evidently it has.

But we must not misrepresent the magazines and their advertisements. It is quite generally admitted that the beauty of American women it not, like bronze, eternal. While the peak has been achieved, there is always danger of a slip or a fall. In other words it would seem that there is always danger of beauty falling into disrepair. Hands have a way of becoming rough, faces wrinkled, hair stringy, and hips bulgy. If such ravages are allowed to take their toll, then the purpose of life has been defeated. And so like valiant soldiers the means are marshalled to prevent so great a calamity. Pictures are shown of doctored hands that men will love to touch, whitened teeth that men will love to examine, hair and hips that will immediately suggest a diamond ring and a honeymoon around the world. Without such hands and teeth, hair and hips a man would have no more to do with a woman than he would with a leper; and so marriage would be impossible. Could there be a greater misfortune than that? It is simply to avoid that misfortune that the American woman has acquired the minor characteristics of constant dieting, scrubbing, cleansing, polishing, and examining her face in a mirror. Pulchritude must be maintained for the fulfillment of her destiny.

THIS last thought leads us on to the next characteristic of the American woman, according to the experts who publish the women's magazines. Our source of information here will be the short stories and the special articles. It seems, after a careful examination

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of this literature, that the one great emotion of all women is the emotion of love. High school girls are not so much concerned with book learning as they are with dating; young women beyond the high school age who work for a living are not so much concerned with earning a living as they are with loving; and the rest of the sex seem never to conceive a thought unless it has to do with affairs of the heart. Everything in life leads up to or away from love. Love it is that promotes all the powdering and pampering, and ultimately becomes the foundation for fur coats as well as funny hats.

We repeat that our only source of information in this regard is the literature of the women's magazines. Otherwise we would know nothing about it. According to them, without love a woman has no reason for living. Here is a girl working in an office; her parents are dead; she is over thirty years of age; she lives alone in an apartment. What is her position? One of utter and complete misery. There is and can be nothing in her life worth living for because no one will accept her heart. She broods over her status; grows sharp-tongued and jealous; and abandons herself to a life of exile, cursed and condemned by friend and foe alike. And neither is there or can there be any compensation. That this situation, as propounded by the stories, contradicts the advertisements in the women's magazines is a fact we shall let others try to reconcile.

Now this was very enlightening to us. We once labored under the impression that there were many methods whereby a woman could fill her life with happiness even though she never had a boy friend even for a day. In fact we struggled under the delusion that many women, single and unattached, were far happier than were most of their married sisters, and that the 600,000 divorcees traveling the country gave proof of this fact. Interesting work, charity in laboring for others, study, reading, friends—all these filled their time so completely (we thought) that the days were entirely too short to enable them to do all that they desired to do. But evidently we were wrong. The American woman's chief interest is in capturing a man; and if she is not so interested, there is something abnormal and unnatural about her.

It may be, indeed, that we have read our sources too literally; or that we have taken the authors of these stories too seriously. From appearances it would seem that many of the stories (we are not certain) are written by high school pupils, or young ladies in finishing schools

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who think that to be sophisticated is to be wise. If this be so, it would account for much, for, naturally, they could not be expected to give too true a picture of their own composition. Their eyes, still growing, are not old enough to catch all of life in one fell glance. If this be not so, then our opinion must be revised to the extent of accepting the fact that American women have but one emotion — and that is love.

WE COME now to speak of something rather strange. In looking over both advertisements and stories we are brought face to face with the conclusion that a fatal sterility had come over American wives. We have searched high and low through a sea of pictures for but one picture of a loving mother surrounded by a numerous family; and we have failed to find it. While we came across many cuts showing the pretty young mother admiring the new car that hubby just drove home and which he intends to pay for on the installment plan, we did not come across one wherein could be seen more than two, or at most, three children. At first we thought that perhaps there was not room in the space allotted for the rest of the children — that they were inside the house or off to school. But we turned the page and found mother serving up steaming soup fresh from the can, and we knew at once that surely the whole family would be home to dinner. Here again we found no more than two children, or at most three.

So it was with the stories. Wealthy parents, now middle-aged, never under any circumstances boasted of more than two, or at most three children. What other conclusion can be drawn except the one that a devastating sterility has fallen upon American wives like a blight from the sky, limiting their families to a meagre handful, and then consigning the young mother to a life of freedom from all risk to health, to a life of leisure for a more regular attendance at clubs and theatres, and to a life of comfort where a dollar will go much farther for the satisfying of self than it would if it had to be divided with others?

Though the stories did not mention it, we could imagine the ache in these young mothers' hearts at the thought of their lost fertility. Only two children when they would have enjoyed ten! The delicacy of the authors in not enlarging on the note of sorrow is to be commended. And also their fevered efforts in showing how the pain was overcome

and the vacancy filled, namely, by a career in Hollywood, or by seeking out another husband.

THE last characteristic of American women is the strangest of all. It seems that not many amongst them, according to the magazine accounts as given in stories, are concerned with the things of the supernatural. As was already mentioned, women have souls. But one would gather that not many are doing anything about it. We feel quite confident that not many of the heroines could spell the word *soul*, much less place it above all other things in the way of importance. They go to dances; they talk in a very smart and worldly fashion; they fight and weep, and long and love; they buy new dresses and get new hair-do's; they work in department stores and live in pent-houses on Park Avenue; they support aged mothers and extricate themselves from triangles; they leave their husbands on instant notice and acquire new ones; they do all kinds of interesting things — but few of them do anything formal for the salvation of the soul. Here also we had to do some revising of former opinions.

We had always thought that amongst the great and glorious people of the world, women had never occupied a second place. We had read of the one who was clothed with the sun, with the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars. We had heard from our fathers how this one had loved virginity so much that she made a vow ever to preserve it, and would have sacrificed the privilege of being the mother of God if accepting it would have meant the sacrifice of her vow.

And we took it for granted that there were many like her — that there are many like her today who emptied their hearts of human love that those hearts might have room only for their God; that there were and are many who tossed aside riches and honors and high position, not because they were eccentrics, but because they saw in that the path to happiness and the road to heaven; that there were many in the past who led armies and ruled nations, not for love of man, but only for love of God. And we thought that God so approved of their lives that He *did* give them supreme happiness on earth, and after their death canonized their lives by working through their name the most stupendous miracles.

But apparently we made a mistake of judgment. The women's maga-

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zines do not speak of things like these. Who ever read a magazine story in which the beautiful heroine bids farewell to mother and father and home, and buries herself in a convent—and finds happiness within its walls? Who ever read of young American women with the same love of children in their hearts, and the same desires for a good time that other young American women have, and the same freshness and enthusiasm that are characteristic of all Americans, binding themselves with the vow of virginity—and thereby becoming the world's greatest heroines? Who ever read of the young lady in the world leading a fervent supernatural life, devoting her time and energy to charity and religion—and still retaining popularity and laughter and a score of friends—and finding happiness in her faith? No, the women's magazines do not speak of these things. In their pages are no Little Flowers, no Joans of Arc, no Agneses or Agathas, no tender maidens who with hands of iron unfold the skies and bring down God to man by the strength of their virtues and the mighty power of their sacrifice.

And so we must conclude that there are none such amongst American women. The last and chief characteristic of the American woman must be a complete deprivation of those qualities which for a thousand years and more made all womanhood great and noble, an inspiration to man, and a thing of wonder in the eyes of God.

It is too bad. But we cannot do anything about it. All we can do is say—read these popular women's magazines for yourself. They will tell you all.

Social Murder

How the socially elite can cleverly thrust a knife into the back of someone not acceptable according to their standards is revealed by an anecdote told by Maurice Francis Egan in his *Recollections of a Happy Life*. Madame Jerome Bonaparte was visiting in New York during the eighties, and at a dinner she was placed next to a young man whose people were "something in pork." Madame Bonaparte knew that they were inventors of a new kind of lard. During the course of the dinner the young man mentioned that he had traveled in the Near East.

* "Of course," sniffed the great lady, "you spent a long time in Greece." *

The retort was considered one of the best jokes of the season, and it was recorded that the young man was so mortified that he never showed his face in New York society again.

BRAIN AND BRAWN AND DEMOCRACY

Many people are worried. They are worried about democracy. They are afraid of fascism and communism. So they are proposing new schemes to save democracy. Here is one that would hand it over to brains and brawn.

C. DUHART

WELL-GROUNDED alarm at the imperialistic trend and irresponsible methods of the dictatorships has led to much wholesome inner searching as to what is wrong with our own system of democracy. As a result many closet skeletons have been unearthed and brought out into the clear light of day.

Every magazine editor feels called upon to offer his plan for preserving democracy, or strengthening democracy, or purifying democracy, and it is with the details of one of these plans that the present article is concerned.

A prominent magazine publisher recently presented the following plan for consideration. With his basis the conviction that the trouble with democracy as it exists in this country is the lack of intelligence in the selection of officials, he goes on to propose a system of voting which would transfuse more intelligence into the blood stream of democratic balloting.

In this scheme of things brains would be at a premium and the payoff would come on election day. For ordinary mental attainments an individual would be allotted a single vote; two votes would be granted him if he rose above the average, and three votes should he reach an exceptional level of mental perfection.

But our reformer likes brawn mixed with his brains. So he allots to the person of normal physical attainments an additional vote, and for the physical supermen a further vote. So that an individual well supplied with the ingredients of brain and brawn would find himself the proud possessor of five votes on election day. There is even the possibility that citizens who have been outstanding for lives devoted to the welfare of the state may be given as many as fifty or one hundred votes. It is America's way of rewarding sacrifice and service — it is the American equivalent of being knighted.

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The author of this plan makes no claim of impeccability for the system. He admits that it will likely work some injustice. But he feels that it is almost infinitely superior to the hit and miss procedure now in vogue. He argues that democracy is on trial, that that trial has disclosed glaring flaws and weaknesses in the armor of democracy, and that his plan for a more intelligent selection of public officials deserves a trial.

THERE is much to be said in favor of this novel method of balloting and surely much to be said against it. But the greatest flaw in the plan is one of omission—an omission which is really the cause of the present world crisis—an omission which most experts, inconceivably enough, manage to ignore—an omission which is an insurmountable obstacle. This omission is the failure to appreciate the fact that the peace and happiness of states demand of citizens that they be not only physically strong and mentally fit, but also morally upright.

Our educationalists boast of a higher degree of literacy among the people; science claims to have achieved a more healthful society; and still we are told that democracy is in danger, that it is failing, and even by some that it has failed. With all our blind groping for the key to the riddle of the world's unrest one may wonder almost in despair whether any individual will ever conceive the notion that the flaws and weaknesses of democracy are not due so much to a lack of what schoolmen like to call "education" as to a lack of something which they have managed effectively to banish from education. That something might be called a sense of social responsibility, which is only a high-sounding phrase for the virtues of justice and charity; also an appreciation of the worth of personal integrity, which embraces the practise of all the virtues.

It isn't so much because our backs are weaker and our brains fewer that democracy and modern civilization is staggering on the brink, but because our souls are less upright.

It appears so scientific to clamor for a greater participation of the more intelligent at the ballot boxes and in the discharge of public office. But the merest citing of cases will show convincingly that our problems of good government are not thereby solved absolutely and eternally.

EXAMINING the matter historically we may ask, has it been ignorance or villainy which has worked more harm in the affairs of mankind? Will anyone say that mere intelligence, divorced from probity, has always been a boon to the state? Do not some, at least, of the pages of history, tell us of the havoc wrought by keen and brilliant minds which were not grounded in firm, moral principles? Will the state profit more from its citizens if they are bright, keen, intelligent or if they are upright, just, charitable, pure, unselfish and honest? Keeness of intellect and strength of body are not ordained to good action by their very nature. They can be used to achieve great benefits for society; but they can also be abused, and they have often most certainly been abused to wreak great havoc.

In the plan proposed for apportioning the votes according to intelligence and physical excellence, some strange situations may be imagined. Communists and Nazis working secretly in this country for the destruction of our form of government, since many of them are undoubtedly men of high intelligence, would be given a greater opportunity to shape our country's destinies than the simple law-abiding citizen who is determined to cast his vote conscientiously for the preservation and progress of democracy.

It is the old story of the glorification of the intellect. If we could cram enough facts into the minds of our people, all our problems of democracy would be settled definitely and irrevocably. The presumption is that keenness of intellect can never be abused — a presumption which the pages of history destroy completely. There is apparently little consideration given to the undoubted fact that in the hands of a man who would tear himself loose from all moorings of moral standards, brilliance of mental acquirements would only be a dangerous weapon to be wielded with destructive effect. This is just as certain as that in the case of a madman great physical strength is an instrument not for good but for untold harm.

Much has been written about the murders which have been committed in the classrooms of our country, murders committed by professors who were endowed with exceptional sharpness of wit, but who gloried in the fact that they felt bound by no moral principles. Many of them admitted that their aim was to tear out of the hearts of the young people exposed defenceless to their attacks, all idea of the existence of a God, all notion of the power of a code of moral principles to demand

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submission to its rulings. And if the battlefields covered with rotting corpses are a sight to cause abhorrence, what would be the effect of a vision, if we could but see it, of the murdered souls in college classrooms throughout the land — murdered because they lacked the skill to parry the consummately artful thrusts of men trained in their chosen profession — murdered because the country at large could not conceive that it was possible for harm to come from such brilliant men — murdered because learning and intelligence had been prized above character and uprightness?

ACCORDING to the plan proposed many men who have openly professed doctrines which are revolutionary, and destructive of democracy in the United States, would be allotted five or ten votes on election day, since without doubt they are men of intelligence. And if it were objected that they could be restrained and refused because of this open profession, how about the thousands of others who could not be convicted by any public statements? The point emphasized here is that intellectual acumen alone is no guarantee that the possessor of that acumen will use it for the best advantage.

But the intelligent are less apt to be led along by the empty promises of politicians, by the inflammatory harangues of the demagogues, by the clever, artful tricks of the skilled orators? Yes — perhaps. But cases might be quoted readily of the gullibility of the learned. One might mention the many times that the so-called intellectual leaders have revised their doctrines about evolution, after they had offered blind reverence to the unfounded hypotheses of scientists. One might quote the tendency of some among their number to pursue avidly philosophical theories which they can neither understand nor explain. One might hint at the numbers of the learned who admire and preach Communism as a sort of dilettantism, while they themselves enjoy liberties and luxuries which would never be permitted them in a Communistic state.

Are we going to suggest that all public officials should be saints, that only those who have attained a certain degree of holiness should be allowed to vote? Not at all, though conceivably a worse situation might easily be supposed since such persons, if they were really holy, that is, if they really followed standards of living which were high and noble, would at least have some notion of responsibility towards their fellow

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men. And this is something which many a man admittedly learned, who goes about swinging his hatchet of destruction wildly in conformity with certain theories he has evolved, does not possess.

Emphasis must be placed on the fact that learning alone — and by learning we mean what is usually conceived of by the term, not that true knowledge which probes the reasons of man's existence and his relations and obligations toward his Creator — emphasis must be placed on the fact that learning alone will not save the world, nor democracy, nor anything else. The belief that Utopia would be reached in proportion as men had their minds stuffed with facts and theories has been punctured and shown to be groundless.

Learning — real learning, yes, let us have much of it. Let us have public officials who have a grasp on all that knowledge which their office demands. Let us have voters who know for whom and for what they are voting — voters who really understand the issues presented to them. But that is not enough. We must have officials and voters who also have a sense of their moral obligations toward themselves and toward their fellow men — officials and voters who do not only know the issues at stake, but also have the courage and probity to act in accordance with true moral principles even when such action demands a sacrifice of personal gains.

Let us have learning and intelligence at the polls — and let us even reward it — but let us also have uprightness and virtue which are alone capable of guiding intelligence into worthy channels.

Interview With a Razor

President Theodore Roosevelt sometimes received callers while he was being shaved. If a dispute arose, or his sensibilities were touched in some way, he would wave his arms and shake his head and otherwise contort himself while he spoke, despite the fact that the barber would be trying to shave him. One day a newspaper man rushed to the White House demanding an interview with the president on a very important matter. He was admitted during the shaving process. After a time he came out, dripping with perspiration.

"Did you get what you wanted?" somebody asked him.

"No," he answered, "The President probably told me everything I wanted to know, but in the horror of expecting to see him assassinated at any moment, I forgot it all."

CATHOLIC PRESS PRIDE

There is nothing like a little history to arouse us out of our complacency and disinterest in something we should cherish and love.

R. STUMP

THE Catholic Press is a matter of little concern to the majority of Catholics in the United States. The total number of subscriptions to the three hundred and seventeen Catholic publications and the frequent appeals of bishops and priests for support of the Catholic Press show this. The lack of interest may be due in a considerable degree to the reason that Catholics are not aware of the patriotic fact that the Catholic Press is really an old American institution. This is a truth not often found in history books. The Catholic Press was on the American Continent before the secular press. The first book printed in North America was a Catholic book, the *Spiritual Ladder* (*Escala Spiritual*) of St. John Climacus, which was published in Spanish Mexico in 1541. As a matter of fact, the oldest book printed in North America and now existing is one of those first books printed, a Catholic Catechism published in Mexico in 1544. The Catholic Press grew up with the colonizing of North America; it stands today like a bridge spanning past eras with the hectic times of the present, influencing the lives of millions of people in those countries in which it is free.

In the Thirteen Colonies of

North America the Catholic Press had been outlawed by sectarian hate. It emerged from its catacombs to the light of freedom at the time of the Revolutionary War, when at Philadelphia in 1774 a Catholic book, a prayer-book, was advertised publicly for the first time in the territory that became the United States. The Catholic Press of the United States took definite shape about two decades after the adoption of the Constitution by our government. Through the influence of a number of patriotic and zealous Catholics the foundations of the Catholic Press were laid, and upon these foundations the Catholic Press, taken as Catholic Journalism, has come down to our own day. This it is that interests us.

THE first glimmerings of the dawn of Catholic Journalism in the United States were the journalistic endeavors of the Irish-Americans at the opening of the nineteenth century in connection with the struggles of the people of Ireland for parliamentary reform. Irishmen in America had to bear accusations and discriminations through the secret channels of British influence. Loyal Irishmen took up the shillalabs of the pen to defend their rights and

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maintain their free opinions about the political aspirations of their countrymen across the sea. They contributed articles and open letters to newspapers that were friendly, and they organized journals of their own, which met with success, one or two continuing even to the middle of the century. The journalism of the American Irishmen was an inspiration for the founding of strictly Catholic Journalism. The journalism of the American Irish was primarily nationalistic, but it was Catholic too in the sense that in repelling the attacks aimed at the Irish people they necessarily defended the Catholic Faith which the whole world knew they professed.

The actual dawn of Catholic Journalism is traced to the celebrated missionary, Father Gabriel Richard. In 1809 he transported a printing press and font of type overland from Baltimore to Detroit. He set up the press in the home of an influential citizen and began to publish a paper, the *Michigan Essay or Impartial Observer*. The newspaper consisted of sixteen pages, four columns to a page; one and one half columns were in French for the French-Canadian settlers in the outpost of Detroit. Unfortunately, the paper lasted no longer than three issues. Father Richard's paper, however, has the distinction of being the first endeavor toward Catholic Journalism in this Country.

The Catholic Journalistic Press broke from dawn into full day under the influence of the re-

nowned Bishop John England. Bishop England, in founding the Catholic Press, used to advantage the experience he had gained by his connection with a journal while he was a young man in Ireland, and consequently journalism was nothing new to him. At Charleston, South Carolina, his episcopal see, he started the publication of the *United States Catholic Miscellany*, a weekly newspaper, the purpose of which was to present, as he wrote, "a fair and simple statement of Catholic Doctrine, and correct statement of occurrences regarding Catholic Religion." The first issue appeared on June 5, 1822; and, except for an interruption of publication for a year in 1823 and for six months in 1826 for lack of support, it continued until 1861 when a fire and straightened circumstances consequent upon the Civil War ended its days.

Bishop England's paper was the first strictly Catholic periodical in the United States. His idea in getting it under way, "to have some common organ of communication for Catholics," was taken up in other centers of Catholicity in the years that followed. In New York in 1825 appeared the *Truth Teller*; in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1829 the *Catholic Press*; in Baltimore in 1830 the *Metropolitan*, which was the first Catholic magazine; in Cincinnati in 1831 the *Catholic Telegraph*; in Boston in 1836 the *Pilot*; in New York in 1840 the *Freeman's Journal*; in New Orleans in 1842 *La Propagateur Catholique*; in Pittsburgh in 1844 the *Catholic*; and in Bos-

ton in 1845 *Brownson's Quarterly Review*, rated among the best of America's reviews, which came into the ranks of Catholic Journalism upon the conversion of its illustrious editor, Orestes A. Brownson. By 1849 seventeen publications had rallied round the Catholic colors. Of these publications three are in operation even at the present day—the *Catholic Telegraph* of Cincinnati, the *Pilot* of Boston, and the *Catholic* of Pittsburgh, like three colossal skyscrapers reaching away into the clouds of time.

A WORD must be said about the work of the early Catholic journalists. Their work is strikingly similar to that of the Fathers of the early Christian Church. The ancient apologists had to break down the prejudices and correct the misconceptions of Catholic cult prevailing among the pagans. The pioneer Catholic editors had to break through a ring of cold bias which held many American people aloof from the Catholic element of the country. The work of the early Catholic journalists was to refute calumnies and charges trumped up regarding the Pope of Rome, priests, and Catholic worship. Dr. Peter Guilday writes of this period in his biography of Bishop England: "The present generation has had little, if any, experience similar to that of the faithful a century ago, of non-conformist hatred of the Church. With but few exceptions in those days, the ranks of the Protestant ministry were filled

with men whose best asset was their power of denunciation of all things Catholic . . . no charge was too vile to be uttered against Catholicism." One can picture what it meant to start a Catholic journal in the midst of such circumstances. "To establish a purely Catholic journal," continues Dr. Guilday, "one devoted to teaching the Catholic doctrine and to the portrayal of Catholic history in its true light, was a challenge to Protestant editors from Massachusetts to Georgia."

Catholic writers laid down the challenge. They were backed by the constitutional rights of free speech and free worship, guaranteed by the new nation that was now well on its way toward becoming a world power. The tenor of the challenge is found in the vibrating motto paraded on the front page of Bishop England's paper; the motto is made up of words taken directly from the Constitution: "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion or prohibit the free exercise thereof."

Catholic editors pointed to a contradiction in the stand taken by the opposition. They asked how the elements hostile to the Catholic Church could fulminate in papers and pulpits the cry of "No popery!", how they could charge Catholics with sedition and un-Americanism simply because they worshiped God as they saw fit according to their consciences, and how these elements could at the same time maintain that they were respecting and upholding the

sacred provisions of the Constitution. The editors who pointed to the contradiction were men who commanded attention by dint of their logic and language,—men, such as Bishop England, called a “born journalist,” Archbishop Hughes, who merited the esteem of Horace Greeley, James McMaster, one of the cleverest writers of the time, and Orestes Brownson, who has been called the “intellectual giant of the era.” If religious bias against Catholics has fallen off through the years and if Roman Catholics now stand higher in the eyes of their fellow Americans, it is due ultimately to the energetic defense of Catholic doctrine put forth by the first Catholic journalists of the United States.

AFTER the Civil War, opened an era of expansion for the Catholic Press. As the Middle West and West passed from raw pioneering days to routine life, occasion was given for the organization of Catholic periodical publications in various localities. The Pacific Coast had put its hand to the Catholic Press as early as 1858 when the *Monitor* began publication in San Francisco. In St. Louis arose the *Western Watchman* (1863); in Detroit the *Michigan Catholic* (1872); in Chicago the *New World* (1892); in Milwaukee the *Catholic Citizen* (1878); in St. Paul the *Northwestern Chronicle* (1866); in Davenport, Iowa, the *Catholic Messenger* (1882); in Kansas City the *Catholic Register* (1899);

in Wichita, Kansas, the *Catholic Advance* (1888); in San Antonio the *Southern Messenger* (1892); in Portland, Oregon, the *Catholic Sentinel* (1870); and in Seattle the *Northwest Progress* (1883).

The rapid spread of the Catholic Press during the years following the Civil War era must be attributed largely to the approbation and new energy provided by the Third Council of Baltimore. This Plenary Council in 1884 praised the lofty aims of the Catholic Press and expressed its wish to see a representative periodical in each ecclesiastical province, periodicals and newspapers in each diocese, and daily papers in some of the larger cities. These wishes of the Plenary Council are to date still short of complete realization. The first and second wishes are very nearly realized, but the last wish has been the proverbial stickler.

The founding of a Catholic daily, projected a number of times, resolved into a mirage except in a few cases. There are six dailies in the United States at the present time, five of them in foreign languages. *Draugas* (Lithuanian). *Narod* (Czech-Bohemian), the *Polish Daily News* (in Polish), and *Amerikanski Slovenec* (Slovenian) are published in Chicago; *Nowiny Polskie* (Polish) is published in Milwaukee. The *Daily Tribune*, the only English Catholic daily, is published at Dubuque, Iowa. Why in this country of almost twenty-two million Catholics not enough interested persons can be found to combine their efforts

and investments and repeat the feat accomplished by Nicholas Gonner, who founded the Catholic daily at Dubuque, is an intriguing mystery. The ultimate goal of the Catholic Press is a system of dailies reaching from coast to coast, similar to the great newspaper chains, that will pour out upon the public daily news and comment aimed not at sensationalism and unprincipled paganism but directed at awakening a realization of man's dependence on a Higher Power and his universal brotherhood in the Mystical Body of Christ.

WITH the turn of the century the far-flung Catholic Press passed into the phase in which it finds itself at the present time,—the move toward self-improvement and consolidation. The first expression of this movement was the organizing of the Catholic Press Association at Columbus, Ohio, in 1911, under the leadership of the Bishop of that city, Most Reverend J. J. Hartley. The Association has as its purpose the furthering of the aims of the Catholic Press by giving whatever aid it can to all Catholic publications. Each year the editors and journalists of the organization gather to exchange views and decide on methods destined to improve Catholic publications. At the first meeting held in 1911 the Association set to work immediately on building a much-needed news service, for which purpose it arranged for communications with a number of European capitals and for dis-

patches to member publications.

The second step toward consolidation was the inauguration of a Press Bureau in the National Catholic Welfare Conference, which took place in 1919 at the express wish of the hierarchy of the United States consequent upon its meeting of that year. The Press Bureau took over the news service of the Catholic Press Association and a veteran journalist, Justin McGrath, who had served as managing editor at one time of the New York *American* and at another of the San Francisco *Examiner*, a Catholic and a capable organizer, was instructed to expand the news service into a system that would be second to none.

How far Justin McGrath succeeded is seen today in the fact that the N.C.W.C. News Service, as it is called, from its raw beginnings has grown into an elaborate news-net that covers virtually the entire globe and from the fact that it has a ranking with the best news agencies of the land. In 1921 it showed its power by beating all the secular agencies to the news of the signing of the Lateran Treaty by three full days. In 1931 it collaborated with the Associated Press to bring over from Europe one of the longest messages ever carried by cable and radio—the 16,000-word encyclical of Pius XI on Christian Marriage. In the same year the texts of two other encyclicals were brought over similarly. One outstanding effect of the N.C.W.C. News Service is that secular agencies now pay greater attention to Catholic news. The

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N.C.W.C. News Service was paid a high tribute at an international Catholic Press congress held in Belgium in 1930 in which it was declared that this service met almost all the requirements than an ideal Catholic news agency should have. In view of these considerations we have reason to be proud of our Catholic news service.

THE third important step toward the improvement and consolidation of the Catholic Press was a step that looked to the future, the formation of the Catholic School Press Association. At its convention in 1931 the Catholic Press Association authorized Dean J. L. O'Sullivan of the Marquette College of Journalism to build up this association. Jeremiah L. O'Sullivan, a veteran newspaper man from the highest circles of the United Press, could see better than many another man what was needed by the Catholic Press of the future. Accordingly, the Catholic School Press Association has for its purpose to acquaint young journalists, the future editors of Catholic and perhaps of secular journals, with the sublime aims and principles, present and future, of Catholic Journalism. The remarkable success of the association is due in no little measure to the zeal and personal interest manifested by the director of the association.

The three organizations named — the Catholic Press Association, the N.C.W.C. News Service, and the Catholic School Press Association — act as powerhouses for the

Catholic Press. Through them Catholic papers, reviews, and magazines have increased in quality and widened the scope of their activity. The old objection that the reading matter in Catholic publications is pietistic, uninteresting and unintelligible save to a few is now cast aside and lies as a milestone in Catholic Press progress. While it cannot be denied that many avenues of improvement are still open for Catholic publications, it must be admitted by anyone who has kept in touch with Catholic publications that a vast number of them have made gratifying advances toward better appearance and more readable material. No longer can the Catholic seek refuge in the excuse that the contents of Catholic journals are beyond his understanding.

AN investigation into the history and status of the Catholic Press in the United States must result in a feeling of pride at the progress made. The Catholic Press is old and it is American; it is solid and it has quality. The awakened pride should lead to a consciousness of the worth and need of the Catholic Press; more than that, it should win a warm place in the home and family circle for Catholic publications. When Catholics do possess this pride in their Press, the time will soon come when its organs will stand, in circulation and influence, on a par with the secular publications of the land, and thousands will be brought through them to the haven of eternal truth.

Catholic Anecdotes

PROBING THE ULTIMATE

OH, CONDUCTOR," the nervous lady asked, as the train was going down a steep incline, "What would happen to us if the electric brake should fail to work?"

"Have no fear, madam, we still have an automatic emergency brake."

"But what would happen to us if the emergency brake also failed to work?"

"There would be no cause for alarm even then, for we would still have the hand-brake."

"But what would happen to us if the hand-brake also failed?"

At this the conductor could only scratch his head, and reply:

"In that case, madam, some of us would go to heaven, and some to hell."

THE LAST TEST

CARDINAL MERMILOD once delivered a series of sermons on the Holy Eucharist which attracted wide attention among the non-Catholics of his district.

One night, according to his custom, he came into the Church after all had left, and prayed before the Blessed Sacrament. As he finished his devotions, he heard a noise in the church, and turning around, saw a woman just emerging from the shadow of a Confessional.

"What are you doing here so late," said the Cardinal as he approached her.

"Father," the woman replied, "I heard your sermons on the Holy Eucharist, and they convinced my mind that what you Catholics hold is true. But I came here to see if you really believed in your heart what you expounded so readily with your tongue. Now I am completely satisfied."

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WAYFARER

A PILGRIM once stopped at a rich palace to ask for accommodations for the night. But the master of the palace rudely refused him, saying:

"Be on your way; this house is not an inn."

"Gladly," said the pilgrim, "but first let me ask you three questions. Who lived in this house before you?"

"My father, of course."

"And who lived here before him?"

"My grandfather."

"And who will live here after you?"

"My son."

"Well then, it seems to me that since each of you is able to live here such a short time, the place must be regarded as an inn in any case, and you might better spend your time getting ready for your departure, rather than beautifying this temporary resting place."

The master of the house saw the point, and gave the pilgrim accommodations for the night.

THE GREATEST FOOL

A KING, so the story goes, once gave to his court jester a rod or scepter to show that he was the king of fools. This scepter he was to keep until he found a greater fool than himself.

Not long after the king fell ill, and was on the point of death. The jester came and stood sadly at his bedside.

"I must go on a long journey into eternity," the king said, "and I know not whither the road will lead me."

"Was it known to you," replied the jester, "that you would have to make this journey?"

"Yes," answered the king.

"When are you coming back?"

"Alas, never!"

"Well, have you made any preparation for your journey?"

"No," said the king.

"Then," said the jester, "take my scepter, for you are certainly a greater fool than I."

Pointed Paragraphs

Press Problems Solved

Long, erudite articles have been written, and will be written this month that is devoted to the Catholic Press, on what the Catholic Press most needs to yield the influence it theoretically possesses. But we have come to a conclusion that requires no lengthy verbiage to prove: what the Catholic Press needs, both on the part of its writers and its readers, is just a few first class saints.

A saint or two on the staff of a few Catholic papers and magazines would do more to elevate them to their proper place and function in Catholic and non-Catholic society than all the high-pressure salesmanship and advertising in the world. Saints, which means people who love God as well-nigh perfectly as it is possible for a human being, are usually rewarded for their love with a kind of genius. It is the genius of knowing how to wake people up; how to shake them loose from their petty, worldly, sinful interests and concerns; how to get across the message that the most important thing in every man's life is his relation to God.

Such saints would not worry whether they were making money or not. They would not bother about whether they were making a hit — or making a name for themselves. They would take one long look at the world and the people in it, and then they would write in such a way that the presses would have to work twenty-four hours a day to supply the demand for what they were saying to the world.

And a few saints on the part of the readers of the Catholic Press would add to the influence that the saints writing it would create. They would be the first to recognize the genius born of the love of God, and would constitute themselves its unpaid agents, its unrewarded but insuppressible promoters. They would stand on the street-corners and give to passers-by copies of the paper or magazine the saints were editing; they would peddle it from door to door, distribute it in hospitals and schools, talk of it wherever they might be. Secular journalism would try to buy their services, envisioning vast profits and offering large commissions, and they would laugh

a merry laugh as they turned them down.

Yes, indeed, a few saints—not counterfeits like so many of us are—not compromisers as we so easily become—but the real thing—this is what we need. Let's make a pact—writers and readers wherever we are—that we shall keep on trying for that goal no matter how distant it may seem. Then, without half trying, we'll find the Catholic Press mounting in quality, in influence, and in power!

The Reader's Digest

The Reader's Digest for January carries the announcement at the top of the cover page that 4,000,000 copies of the magazine are now being sold each month. It is the largest paid circulation of any magazine in the world.

There are few magazines containing more interesting articles than *The Reader's Digest*; and no place can there be found in such concentrated form as large a number of unique and eye-catching anecdotes, expressions and quotations as fill up the spaces between the lines. A brief survey of current periodical literature will prove these statements.

The Reader's Digest owes its popularity to the genius of its editors; but more so, we believe, to the fact that it is the mirror wherein are reflected the tastes, likes and dislikes, interests, beliefs and philosophies of the American people.

From that standpoint it is sad to ponder over just what public thought, opinion, interests, etc., are. People are evidently more concerned with "the things that perish" than with things eternal, for few of the articles ever go beyond adventure, travel, scientific discoveries, political and social questions and human interest stories.

If there be a God, an eternity, a soul; if man has an ultimate purpose in life, if he is responsible for his actions, and if one day he shall receive reward or retribution, one would hardly be brought face to face with these verities from a perusal of *The Reader's Digest*. And yet there is nothing in human life that is not in some way intimately connected with them. The little space given to articles on religion is proof sufficient of the place that religion has in the ordinary man's life.

If it is the purpose of the editors merely to reflect America, they are not to be blamed for what America is thinking and for putting

just that on their pages. The people themselves are to be blamed — and not collectively, but as individuals: mothers and fathers in the training of their children; teachers in the imparting of knowledge; ministers of religion in the stressing of the real realities, and above all, individuals themselves in neglecting to give attention to the things that really matter. When these reform in their philosophy of life, there will be a new Reader's Digest; and that will be much different from the 4,000,000 circulation *Reader's Digest* of today.

Mr. Kennedy and Mrs. Undset

Mr. Kennedy may be justly famous as our one-time ambassador to England. And Mrs. Sigrid Undset may be equally famous as a winner of the coveted Nobel Prize in literature. Both are Catholics, the former from birth, the latter from study and God's special grace.

From our valley of obscurity we would look up to the mountain peak where stand these noted people and cry out to them a sharp complaint. It would be in the form of a question. "Why, my widely feted fellow Catholics, do you find it necessary to send your sons to Harvard, as the papers are constantly reminding us you are actually doing? After all, in the Catholic Church, money and fame bring no privileges that are not allowed to the poor and the unknown. And both the poor and the unknown are strongly advised not to attend sectarian or non-sectarian schools, even though those schools be universities."

As we look at the matter, there can be three reasons that are inducing them to go contrary to the advice of the church.

The first: Having no money to spare, the Undset and Kennedy boys are receiving tuition free on the strength of their parent's name. If Harvard is doing this (which we doubt) there are ten Catholic universities that would be willing to do the same.

The second: Only at Harvard can those courses be secured which the young men desire. We doubt it. Even though it were so, in view of the Church's attitude, and the recognized danger of neutral education, would any advantage in the world make up for the possible weakening of faith and the scandal given to others?

The third: They do not know any better.

It is our sincere hope that ordinary simple Catholics will not be so dazzled by the resplendent fame of Mr. Kennedy and Mrs. Undset that they will be led to imitate *all* that these Olympian gods may do.

—♦♦♦♦♦ LIGUORIANA ♦♦♦♦♦—

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

"HAIL HOLY QUEEN, MOTHER OF MERCY"

Our Confidence in Mary, Queen of Mercy.

As the glorious Virgin Mary has been raised to the dignity of Mother of the King of kings, it is not without reason that the

Church honors her, and wishes her to be honored by all with the glorious title of Queen.

**From:
The Glories
of Mary**

"If the Son is a king," says St. Athanasius, "the Mother who begot him is rightly and truly considered a Queen and a Sovereign." "No sooner had Mary," says St. Bernardine of Sienna, "consented to be Mother of the Eternal Word, than she merited to be made Queen of the world and of all creatures." "Since the flesh of Mary," remarks the Abbot Renold of Chartres, "was not different from that of Jesus, how can the royal dignity of the Son be denied to the Mother?" "Hence we must consider the glory of the Son, not only as being common to His Mother, but as one with her."

And if Jesus is the King of the universe, Mary is also its Queen. "And as Queen," says the Abbot Rupert, "she possesses, by right, the whole kingdom of her Son." Hence St. Bernardine of Sienna concludes that "as many creatures as there are who serve God, so many there are who serve Mary: for as angels and men, and all things that are in heaven and on

earth, are subject to the empire of God, so are they also under the domination of Mary!" The Abbot Guericus, addressing himself to the divine Mother on this subject, says: "Continue, Mary, continue to dispose with confidence of the riches of thy Son; act as Queen, Mother and Spouse of the King: for to thee belongs dominion and power over all creatures!"

Mary, then, is a Queen: but for our common consolation, be it known that she is a Queen so sweet, clement, and so ready to help us in our miseries, that the holy Church wills that we should salute her in this prayer (the *Salve Regina*) under the title of Queen of Mercy.

"The title of Queen," remarks the Blessed Albert the Great, "differs from that of Empress, which implies severity and rigor, in signifying compassion and charity towards the poor." "The greatness of kings and queens," says Seneca, "consists in relieving the wretched," and whereas tyrants, when they reign, have their own good in view, kings should have that of their subjects at heart. For this reason it is that, at their consecration, kings have their heads anointed with oil, which is the symbol of mercy, to denote that, as kings, they should, above all things, nourish in their hearts feelings of compassion and benevolence towards their subjects.

Kings should, then, occupy

themselves principally with works of mercy, but not so as to forget the just punishments that are to be inflicted on the guilty. It is, however, not thus with Mary, who, although a Queen, is not a queen of justice, intent on the punishment of the wicked, but a queen of mercy, intent only on commiserating and pardoning sinners. And this is the reason for which the Church requires that we should expressly call her "the Queen of Mercy." The great Chancellor of Paris, John Gerson, in his commentary on the words of David, *These two things have I heard, that power belongeth to God, and mercy to thee, O Lord*, says that the kingdom of God, consisting in justice and mercy, was divided by our Lord: the kingdom of justice He reserved for Himself, and that of mercy He yielded to Mary, ordaining at the same time that all mercies that are dispensed to men should pass through the hands of Mary, and be dispensed of by her at will. These are Gerson's own words: "The kingdom of God consists in power and mercy; reserving power to Himself, He, in some way, yielded the empire of mercy to His Mother." This is confirmed by St. Thomas, in his preface to the Canonical Epistles, saying: "that when the Blessed Virgin conceived the Eternal Word in her womb, and brought Him forth, she obtained half the kingdom of God; so that she is Queen of Mercy, as Jesus Christ is King of Justice."

Suetonius relates of the Emperor

Titus that he could never refuse a favor, so much so that sometimes he promised more than he could grant, and when admonished of this he replied, that a prince should never send away any person whom he admitted to his audience dissatisfied. Titus spoke thus, but in reality he must often have deceived or failed in his promises. Our Queen cannot deceive, and can obtain all that she wills for her clients. Moreover, "our Lord has given her so benign and compassionate a heart," says Lanspergius, "that she cannot send away anyone dissatisfied who prays to her." But how, to use the words of St. Bonaventure, canst thou, O Mary, who art the Queen of Mercy, refuse to succor the miserable? And "who," asks the saint, "are the subjects for mercy, if not the miserable? And since thou art the Queen of Mercy," he continues, "and I am the most miserable of sinners, it follows that I am the first of thy subjects. How, then, O Lady, canst thou do otherwise than exercise thy mercy on me?" Have pity on us, then, O Queen of Mercy, and take charge of our salvation.

Let us, then, have recourse, and always have recourse to this most sweet Queen, if we would be certain of salvation; and if we are disheartened and alarmed at the sight of our sins, let us remember that it is in order to save the greatest and most abandoned sinners, who recommend themselves to her, that Mary is made the Queen of Mercy.

New Books and Old

While I was reading *Murder In A Nun-nery* by Eric Shepherd (Sheed & Ward, \$1.75) a few weeks ago, visitors who saw it lying on my table looked askance at me and at the book, thinking doubtless that it was a new edition of the Maria Monk revelations. In reality, while the book will indeed be a revelation to many

that there is a humorous and amusing side to convent life, it is stamped with a sincere and vital Catholicism. The story, as the title connotes, is a murder-mystery, but to this reader the murder, while sufficiently gruesome, was quite secondary to the amusing conflict which the author depicts between the Police Inspector and his obtuse assistants on the one hand, and the Mother Superior and her terrifying assistants on the other. The convent girls too are presented with rare delicacy, and their unpredictable actions help further to confuse the poor Inspector who, after having his education considerably advanced, triumphantly solves the mystery in the end. But, I repeat, it is not the mystery of this excellent book that will entrance you as much as the delightful atmosphere in which the mystery is unfolded.

If your little boy or girl has a birthday coming up soon, you might do worse than get him or her a copy of *The White Sparrow* by Padriac Colum (Macmillan, \$2.00). This delightful little story is put up between big covers (which children always like) and is beautifully illustrated. Jimmy, the white sparrow, goes through much tribulation and trial before he is united to his sparrow soul-mate, Jemima, including a period of captivity and another period in which he earns his living by obligingly picking an old alligator's teeth. Another little book for children with charmingly delicate illustrations is *Ave Maria* (Kenedy, 50c) a series of simple verses on the Hail Mary by Thomas Butler Feeney, with a picture for each page by Jeanne Hebbelynck.

This section will no longer be merely a series of book reviews, but will be an informal commentary on new books being published and a guide for readers concerning books worth reading—whether they are new or old. With it is offered an information service—readers may write for suggestions about any kind of books and may order any books through THE LIGURIAN.

And as long as we are on the subject of children's books, I may as well put in my five cents worth for a book that I have always regarded as incomparable in its field. I refer to *Alice in Wonderland* by Lewis Carroll. After reading this book I don't know how many times as a child, I came across it again just a few months ago, and am ready to confess in the face of any amount of scorn and ridicule that I enjoyed it fully as much as the first time it came into my hands. There are people who can derive nothing from a tale of this sort but a growing sense of irritation, but there are a great many others, I am sure, who would find with surprise that they could still be intrigued by the adventures of Alice. Two more additions have been made to the ever growing juvenile library of Benziger's. One is for boys—*The Lost Prince* by Don Sharkey; and the other for girls—*Maureen O'Day, Songbird*, and they are both priced at \$1.25.

No books on Catholic doctrine have done more to spread the influence of the Church in the United States than those of Father Martin Scott, S.J. His latest work—*Jesus As Men Saw Him* (Kenedy, \$2.00) should be just as popular as its predecessors. In ten chapters on different aspects of Christ's personality, Father Scott succeeds in presenting a living portrait of the God-man. There are no extra imaginative flourishes given us; the author bases his discussion on the rock-bottom of the Gospel accounts. This makes the book attractive in its simplicity, but still it is full of the wonderful depths of meaning which only the word of God can contain. For priests and seminarians who may be reading these random remarks, I can't think of a more satisfying spiritual book than *Spirituality in the Priesthood* by Most Rev. Wilhelm Stockums, translated by Rev. Joseph Grundner (Herder, \$2.00). There is no mere fluffy asceticism given us here,

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but the very foundations of sanctity in the active priesthood are laid bare. Two books by the same author preceded this one on the same subject—*Vocation to the Priesthood* and *The Priesthood*, and all of them are well worth the price of purchase. An interesting addition to the growing body of literature on Mother Elizabeth Seton is *Mother Seton's Favorite Devotions* by a Sister of Charity (Kenedy, 30c), in which some of the characteristics of Mother Seton's devotional life are described.

The second annual Report of the National Organization for Decent Literature has recently been issued, *The Drive For Decency in Print*, Vol. II. (Our Sunday Visitor Press), and it contains a mass of interesting documents bearing on the progress of the campaign. Those who have been interested in the efforts of the Bishops' committee will be heartened at the definite progress made. Those who for some reason have hitherto remained unaware of the great campaign for clean literature can inform themselves on how it is being conducted by a perusal of this volume. Two things seem to emerge: one is the extreme need we have of getting busy before it is too late. When we read that millions upon millions of utterly obscene magazines are being sold, and that sex crimes have increased almost fifty per cent within recent years, the connection between the two can easily be seen. The other fact is that in a campaign of this kind there is little chance of success unless there is the utmost cooperation among the people. It is instructive to read the letters which Bishop Noll received from indignant magazine editors whose products had been put on the black list. Some are humble and some are threatening in tone, but all show definitely that income, and not the pure "love of art" is the motivating cause of their obscenities in print. Bishop Noll and his fellow-Bishops certainly deserve not only congratulations for the work they have done, but cooperation in the work they have still to do. Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, Warden Lawes, Mayor La Guardia, and other representative men testify to the importance of the work even from a purely civic standpoint, and it is interesting to note that the list of obscene publications recently drawn up by Mayor La Guardia was even more severe and included more publications than did that of the Bishops. Here is the Code by

which the Bishops' Committee lists the magazines: a magazine is condemned if 1) it glorifies crime or criminals, 2) it is predominantly sexy, 3) it features illicit love, 4) it carries illustrations or cartoons which are indecent or suggestive, 5) it carries disreputable advertising.

An admirable little pamphlet *Eastern Catholics* by Clement C. Englert, C.Ss.R. (Paulist Press, 10c), has just been issued which treats popularly the Eastern Churches and rites. Most Catholics will readily admit that their knowledge of our Oriental brethren in the faith is entirely negative. For those who feel an interest in the subject (and every Catholic should know something about it), this pamphlet will serve as an introduction. It describes how some of the Eastern rites originated, and points out some of the ways in which their religious practices differ from those of the Western Church. Father Englert has made a profound study of his subject, and when he states that only nine million Catholics of the Eastern rites are in subjection to the common father of all Catholics, as compared with 200 million non-Catholic Christians (who call themselves "Orthodox" Catholics) who are not, we feel urged to do what we can, by our prayers, at least, to bring about their re-union with the true Church.

We are glad to call attention to the new offer of the Catholic Literary Guild by which a year's subscription to the guild can be obtained for \$6.75. This means that, upon joining the guild, you will receive every month during the coming year a book selected by a group of nationally known Catholics which will be selling for from \$1.50 to \$3.00 at the bookstores. In other words, you will be paying only 50c for each of the twelve books, and will be receiving a representative selection of the best works being published by Catholics in every field of Literature. If you do not care to pay cash, you can join the guild by sending in your name, and promising to pay 60c each month upon delivery of the book, together with delivery charges. If you are interested, and every intelligent Catholic should be interested, here is the address of the Guild:

Catholic Literary Guild
107-12 Woodhaven Boulevard
Ozone Park, L. I., N. Y.

Side Glances

by The Bystander

Have you ever noticed how the national advertisements keep pace with our national moods and feelings? Are we downhearted? The ads will lift us up to the heights of courage again. Are we overworked? The ads have a solvent for that "tired" feeling. Are we pessimistic? The ads will breathe optimism upon us like a warm spring breeze. Are we afraid of war? No need to let that fear overwhelm us. The United Brewers Industrial Foundation offers us a simple remedy in their latest far-flung advertisement: "In a world of strife, there's peace in beer." With purring comfort, the ad continues: "You . . . and all men . . . need each day your hour of peace! A quiet hour at evening when you can shed the mantle of your worries and don the slippers of content. An old friend, music, a faithful dog. . . . These belong to your hour of peace. So too does a glass of mellow beer or ale." Let worlds crash; let cannon roar; let nation annihilate nation; let death and disease and crime stalk the land, *there's peace in beer*. Haul out the beakers, boys; pour out the amber fluid; we'll have Hitler gnashing his teeth in grim frustration, and the war-mongers weeping into their beards: we've got them licked: there's peace in beer. ©

A certain widely known publication frequently carries a caption: "Which newspaper do you read?" Then side by side it puts headlines pertaining to the same event from different newspapers, and you can take your choice among contradictions. . . . The same trick can be worked on the magazines. For instance, in *Business Week* a short time ago, the editor quoted with vast approval a certain Dr. H. T. Davis, professor of mathematics at Northwestern University, who has worked out a new index showing the concentration of wealth in the United States. He sets 50 as the ideal point of distribution of wealth; 100 would register oligarchy or total concentration of wealth in a few hands, and zero as communism or its equivalent. At 70 he says there would be revolt of the masses; at 30 there would be civil war provoked by the owners of wealth. He says that before the depression the United States stood at about 60; today, he says, we stand at about 40. The editor of *Business Week* comments that we are getting dangerously close to complete dissipation of all our national wealth—whatever that means. . . . Now pick up the *Reader's Digest* for January, 1941. It carries an article which gives the following facts: two thirds of the people in the United States, that is, some 80,000,000, live on an average monthly income of \$69; some 20,000,000 persons receiving aid in one form or another spend an average of five cents per meal; men leaving relief for a job at \$100 a month spend ten to twelve cents per meal. If all families living on \$100 a month or under could eat like those who make more than \$100 a month, the food bill of the nation would be raised some \$2,000,000,000 a year. . . . Yet too much of the national income is being taken away from the rich, says *Business Week*; we've got too many ten-cent-a-meal citizens; we had better put a few million more on the five-cent-a-meal rations or there'll be trouble!

THE LIGURIAN

Sometimes one need not go to all the trouble of examining different publications for contradictions. A short time ago we picked up the January 11th issue of *Editor and Publisher*. The large running head of the first article in the issue was: "Earnings Record Best Key to Newspaper Values." We turned the page, and there, in just as large type, was the headline of the next article: "'Profit Only' Concept of Press Disproved by Scientific Survey." Of course one can whittle down the contradiction that seems so patent in the two lines by analyzing, defining, modifying, clarifying and, to use a colorful colloquialism, "hedging," but something always remains. What remains is that the newspaper-makers are torn by conflicting emotions. On the one hand there must be profit; there must be more and more profit; there must be dividends and bonuses and five-figure salaries; yet no one must say that they are published merely for money. The newspaper-makers are moulders of public opinion; they are leaders of society; they are single-minded champions of virtue and patriotism and peace; far be it from them to be interested in mere money; gladly would they work for nothing if only they could improve the world. Ho hum.



By most sensible critics, it is agreed that Ernest Hemingway is the kind of writer who finds many of his inspirations in manure piles. Manure is a genteel word, but Hemingway is not genteel. Yet the genteel world goes into raptures over Hemingway, reminding one of how flies find an irresistible attraction in un-genteel realities here represented by a genteel word. The blurb issued by the publishers concerning his latest book is a masterpiece of rapturous buzzing on the part of a certain class of critics. "Magnificent romance," "one of the major novels of American literature," "a rare and beautiful piece of work," "a work of art," "a book of all time," "has the earmarks of enduring greatness," "our best writer's best work." Let no one be deceived. You can get along beautifully without so much as a peep into Hemingway's out-houses.



Our nomination for the ripest anti-social propaganda perpetrated by any newspaper in the year 1940 goes to the *Los Angeles Herald Express* which in the issue of December 26 (The day after Christmas), published an enthusiastic article with pictures awarding a mythical prize to the prettiest divorcee of the year. Getting a divorce was built up as a sort of triumph, and the prettier the girl (it was assumed), the harder it should be to get a divorce. And so the thing was made into a kind of race, with the pretty girls placed under a handicap, and given thunderous applause when, with the odds against them, they made the grade and disentangled themselves from their alliances. The subheads of the article read: "Slim brunette wins top honor," and "Blondes fall behind in race." That, we submit, is the exact kind of thing that makes the United States, for all its vaunted democracy, man-power, industrial genius and freedom, the weakest nation in the world. If the wrecking of families, the breaking of solemn promises, the giving into the restlessness of lust, are to be matters for rivalry and boasting, even in jest, then God pity the American people. War won't need to destroy them; they'll destroy themselves.

Lucid Intervals

Dr.: I'd like to have a quart of blood for transfusion. Can you give it?

Stude: I can only give you a pint. I gotta shave tomorrow.

*

An amiable old man was trying to win the friendship of the small daughter of the house.

"I'll give you a nickle for a kiss," he said.

"No, thank you," she replied sweetly. "I can make more money taking castor oil."

*

Draft Board Inquirer: "Was there ever any insanity in your family?"

Drafted Man: "I am told my father was insane right up to his death."

Draft Board Inquirer: "How was that?"

Drafted Man: "Well, right up until father died he thought he was boss of our house."

*

1st Farmer: "Quite a wind we had last night."

2nd Farmer: "Yes, 'twas."

1st Farmer: "Was your barn damaged much by the cyclone?"

2nd Farmer: "Don't know. Ain't found it yet!"

*

There he was, swimming in the cold water, battling heroically against the waves. "Just a half mile more," he thought, "and I'll make the shore." His strokes were getting weaker. He could hardly lift an arm anymore. The beach was only a few yards away. His last efforts were too much. He began to grow dizzy. Then his head began to swim and carried him to the shore.

*

I would like some alligator shoes.

What size shoes does your alligator wear?

*

Two adjoining meat-sellers were bitter business rivals. One posted this sign: "Sausages 10c a pound; to pay more is to be robbed."

The rival scratched his puzzled head, and put up this sign: "Sausages 12c a pound, to pay less is to be poisoned."

Null was boasting to Void of his prowess.

"I'm the champion long-distance saxophone player," he announced. "I entered a contest once and played 'Annie Laurie' for three weeks."

"Then you won?" asked Void.

"No. Another fellow played 'Stars and Stripes Forever.'"

*

The stern-jawed, shaggy-browed prominent citizen glared at the young man who had just entered his study.

"I understand, young man, that you desire to become my son-in-law," he boomed.

The other fidgeted uneasily before replying.

"As a matter of fact, I don't, Mr. Clamp," he confessed. "But it's hard to avoid it if I marry your daughter, isn't it?"

*

A little girl was put in an upper berth of a Pullman sleeping-car for the first time. She kept crying till her mother told her not to be afraid because God would watch over her.

"Mother, you there?" she cried.

"Yes."

"Father, you there?"

"Yes."

A fellow-passenger lost all patience at this point and shouted: "By thunder, we're all here. Your father and mother and brothers and sisters and aunts and uncles and cousins. All here; now go to sleep."

There was a pause; then, very softly:

"Mamma!"

"Well?"

"Was that God?"

*

Tennyson Dixon, a negro waiter, popped out the other day with a different slant on getting-married-to-stay-out-of-the-war business. He was hovering around when Attorney Young said:

"Slim, why don't you find some widow with five or six children and marry her, and keep out of the war?"

"Lordy, Mister Robert," grinned Slim, "supposin' we wasn't to have the war after all, an' then wouldn't I be in a fix."